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Through two generations







THROUGH TWO GENERATIONS

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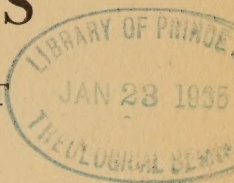
CONSCIOUSNESS OF JESUS

HISTORY OF METHODISM

FRANCIS ASBURY, ETC.

# THROUGH TWO GENERATIONS

A STUDY IN RETROSPECT



By

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*To My Beloved Wife,*

*GERTRUDE,*

*Who has shared the joys and sorrows of thirty-five years of my earthly pilgrimage; and who has ever been a loyal and affectionate helpmeet, and the faithful mother of my home, illuminating it with virtues of soul and graces of mind, this volume is gratefully dedicated.*



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## PROLOGUE

OF those who may find even a passing interest in this book of memories, I crave a patient judgment of that which, as I too well know, does not conform to precedent. This is not an autobiography, in the ordinary sense of that term. Rather is it an effort to interpret some of the life and thought facts of the two generations contemporaneous with my own years. In these pages, I have dealt subjectively with myself, and with the men I have known. Memory has spoken from within. Also, I have sought to discover the springs of conviction and to chasten motives which, I devoutly trust, are pledges of the life hereafter. I have lived my life, every hour of it, with a conscious purpose. In these subjective interpretations I have brought an equal purpose to bear. The end I have seen from the beginning. I am only such as Heaven and those who love me have made. To these, I humbly submit the results of an imperfect task.

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## I

### NATAL STARS

I WAS born November 7, 1858, amid the orderly conditions and surroundings of plantation life in the Old South; and at the beginning of what was decreed should be a perfect Indian summer day. Its tokens abide, a warmth of autumn sunshine, with airs that lure to thoughts within the soul of thought.

The crone who scanned my palms at birth declared that neither gold nor greatness was certified; but, instead, the way of a dreamer of dreams, a prodigal of days, who, at last, might come to eat the bread of a pensioner. Nevertheless, my horoscope disclosed the star of faith above the lesser, but never sinking, star of dreams. These have not been contrary the one to the other, but complementing; and, however I may have come short of the augury of my godfather stars, I have followed, and must needs follow, them to the end.

My faith has been derived, through the Spirit, from those who gave me being and from the plentitude of the evangel's self; as for the other, it has come of nature, from within and from the fellow-

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ship of books that breathe; yet, at bottom, this also is of blood, a pollen dust of heredity, sifted into the cells of life. It is the answer of soul to destiny; the investment of the All.

According to report, I passed through cradlehood but little vexed of the ills naturally assessed against infancy. Healthily clad, I was given to the watchcare of a female slave, who guarded me, sleeping and waking, and kept me in the open air when weather conditions favored, which, thanks to the map, was most of the days of the year. I thus grew up close to nature, and, faring sumptuously every day, acquired a rotundity which has persisted as a double throughout my years.

“Warwick,” the place of my birth, in the far southwest of Alabama, was a middle sized estate, upon which, long before the time of my earliest recollection, a dwelling of commodious proportions and pleasing architecture had been brought to completion.

At the time of the breaking out of the American Civil War, “Warwick” presented a picture distinctly romantic yet characteristic of similar establishments throughout the cotton belt. A collection of subsidiary roofs circled about the plantation house, whose grounds were shaded by native trees, and snugly held within a wall of wooden pales. As memory recalls this picture, long vanished save, and alone, for the ghost of the stately old house, there was a concatenation of barns,



cattle stalls, a hay dome, a pound and a covered rest for carts and other vehicles. Conveniently near to these were the cabins for a small contingent of Negro slaves; while the orchard, the kitchen garden, the salt house, the weaver's shed, the poultry fly and the dove-cotes made up the background.

A deeply worn highway, as old as the civilization of the region it served, divided the "Warwick" acres, east and west. Fronting this highway stood the cotton ginnery and grist mill, whose humming saws and groaning stones made monody or chorus, in and out of season. Companion to the ginnery, and in close proximity to it, a giant-armed screw-press, for putting the cotton fleece into bales, loomed grotesquely against the sky. A thousand times did this abnormity become in my childhood fancy a helmet-crowned Goliath; and as often in after years have I thought how, if the Knight of La Mancha had happed upon it, there had ensued a one-sided combat as lusty as that waged against the windmills of Campo de Montiel.

After these adjuncts, and in their order, were the forge, with its din and metallic dust; the tannery, with its oozy vats, and the cooper's shop, with its carpet of fragrant cedar shavings. Finally, and in its place of admitted preëminence, came the plantation store, which was also the regional post-office and the place of foregathering for an extended neighborhood.

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Near the homestead gate, and in easy call of the highway, was the well, surmounted by a wooden pagoda. This well slaked not only the thirst of the "Warwick" household, but also that of many who came and went on days of moot and market. Nor were the waters of the well freer than the board and cheer of "Warwick" house, if memory serves me truly concerning kith and friends who passed its doors.

At a distant turn of the highway, stood the district schoolhouse, by courtesy so named, a primitive frame, but awesome to my childish imagination. It witnessed, to its degree, as a unit of that mightiness the old time American Common School ideal, which nursed into being the genius of a Continent, and from the centrality of Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book, dispensed knowledge to the boundaries of a world whose four corners were comprehended in McGuffy's Reader, Smith's Grammar, Davies' Arithmetic and Cornell's Geography. The same was a benign mother, whose bestowments were made with an even hand.

Less remote than the schoolhouse, and in full view from "Warwick" porch, was the neighborhood chapel, known to its worshipers as "Mount Zion"; and, like its most ancient prototype, the joy of a provincial land. Simple enough was the architecture of "Mount Zion," but pleasant was the light which came through its wide windows; and palpable as life was the air of sanctity which

brooded about its altars, and before its open doors of welcome. There neighbor met neighbor, as kindred met kindred, in the blessed communion of holy things; and there also master and slave worshiped, in one presence, the Lord and Saviour of both.

In Sabbath dawns and twilights, there walked, for me, within the shady precincts of "Mount Zion," incarnations of a spirit life no further removed from sense than the voice of my mother in song, or that of my father in psalm and prayer. The unison of invisible choirs echoed from within the wood-built shrine, as I listened, and knew no worshiper nigh. Also, spirit recessionals made the grove bright with their passing and glad with their antiphonals of which I understood only mystically either the manner or the melody. Heaven lay within those quiet shades.

Removed beyond the chapel site, in a contiguity of woodland, was the neighborhood burying ground, or cemetery, whose heaped up graves were protected by squares of white pales, tipped with black. No sod of grass, no creeping vine, no rooted flower, relieved the dread apartness of that preserve of death. It was characteristic of the times to make the tomb a doleful place. I remember that the bluebirds nested amongst those tents of the dead, and piped in the unchanging inane. I wondered at their temerity; or, rather, I had some childish thought connected therewith,

which cannot be interpreted better than in the language I have used.

In the processes of after years, I contrasted this rustic "God's Acre" with the last resting place of the youthful Keats, of which a biographer has said: "It puts one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Also, when once my feet were stayed a time beside the lilac bordered grave of the author of "Endymion," I witnessed the realization of the poet's dying words: "I feel the flowers growing above me."

Flowers and grasses are protests of immortality; but has not the rote of our funereal refinements so garlanded the form of death, and so muffled its mien of starkness, as to smother the voice of its warning? At the gorgeous tombs of the caliphs in Grand Cairo; before the lapis-lazuli intagliated gold sarcophagus of Tut-ankh-Amen; amid the marbles and splendors that guard the dust of Napoleon, the question came back to me. He may answer it who can.

The particular and unqualified nature fascinations of "Warwick" were the pine wolds, stretching away to the westward; and the narrow savannahs and straitened, winding valleys along a bold rivulet which flowed out of the east. It was from these savannahs and slender valleys that "Warwick" drew its staff of bread and the staple which fed the saws of its ginnery. It was by this stream and its lateral brooks that I acquired my first



moiety of nature lore, and entered into the joys of woodland dreaming. It was here, also, that I heard the splash of unseen naiads' feet, dipping in myrtle shadowed pools; and amongst the oaten ranks and corn-blades of upland crofts, listened to the then unidentified notes of Pan. Once, while lying awake on my trundle bed at twilight, and near the beginning of my fourth year, as I should now judge, I first saw, through the open window, the stars, one by one, come out in heaven. The call of crickets and cicadas from the hearth and the eaves produced upon my fancy the illusion of the stars singing together in the chorus of still small voices. Thus it was that, in the half consciousness of infancy, I became akin to those Greeks whose ears long ago caught the music of the spheres; nor ever, throughout my life, has that early memory lost its charm; nor have I yielded to any impulse to banish those fondnesses which later came when to my understanding were opened the treasures of the Greek classics. Indeed, I have cherished, with the youthful Keats, the delusion of having been born a Greek. Let the most lenient of the gods pass upon my birthright.

My father, who was a lay, or local, preacher of his church, was of Huguenot descent, a tap-root to which many Southern American families trace their genealogical trees. This raciality centered in him the finest traits of manhood. He was irreproachable in life and conduct, and of balanced

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judgment. This made him the acknowledged light, and the social and religious leader, of that wide region of which his home seat was the center. Of all the manifestations of high born judgment, and unvarying gentlehood, which memory associates with my father, I think most often of a scene which befell in the years of which I am now writing. At the door of the home chapel, I saw him lead a Negro slave into the knowledge of Christ who died for the whole race. I am sure that St. Remy, in the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks, felt no deeper sense of spiritual joy than did he in dedicating to the Kingdom this waif of the cottonfield. Cavil fails before the face of Christlikeness.

My mother's testimony, with that of my father's, made a "celestial harmony of likest souls." Though her knowledge of letters was modest, she possessed a rare understanding of truth and life. Her recitals of Bible narrative, as also of story and legend, were eloquence to my ears, and sowed in my mind the seeds of enduring literary desire. In many a path of classic going, entered upon in riper years, I picked up the slender clues of her nursery rhymes and tales. At such times, the memory bells of "Warwick" rang in praise of her, the daughter, as I can but hold, of some far-born seer of song. Blessed mother eyes that saw!

Our home circle, at this time, consisted, besides myself, of eight children, three sons and five daughters: Joel, James, Elizabeth, Thomas, Ann,

Melissa, Alabama and Missouri. Joel was a "double" half brother, my father having married sisters. In the years following, four other children were born to my parents, Oliver, Alice, William and Edgar. The Malthusians were then of little note. At "Warwick" there was plenty; and so we hailed the coming of days with a wish fulfilled in each.

My first remembered Christmas, naturally, became a precedent amongst the days of my childhood. Few and simple were the festivities that marked for us the night of the Nativity; but they were soul born, and remain a memory of sanctifying that shames the too often barbaric selfishness of present day Christmas celebration. A wreath of eglantine, or holly it may be, was wrought about the mantel; a log only larger than on other winter nights, fed the Yule fire on the dragon-faced and-irons; while a hoard of autumn-gathered nuts, a link of home "pulled" confection; and for each child, a ruddy apple at the end of a small cord suspended and sputtering before the roaring fire, supplied the Christmas cheer. Also, each childish hand took its turn at punching the Yule log with the poker, causing a succession of sparks to go up the wide-throated chimney, as each reveler wished for himself "shoes as red, and hood as red as these." A game of "Blind Man's Buff," or "Finding the Key," further roused the spirit of juvenile merriment.

The circuit pastor whom I first and best remember from this time was a man of youthful years; slender of frame and sad browed, as I seem to recall his face; but with a winsome voice, and with eyes that warmed you in their glow. He came riding to "Warwick" at Christmas Eve. Amid the all but austere observance of our plantation Yuletide, he added a sacrament to my thoughts; and, for aught that I could guess, he might have been one of the Wise Men from the East. He really was, as my mind afterwards came to adjudge, of the succession of those who beheld the Epiphany.

To my surprise, nor less to my delight, the young prophet entered into the fellowship of our pastimes, which, however, were not of long duration; for the plantation curfew obtained on all nights of the year. The evening closed, with the young pastor leading the entire household in a song and a prayer of Christmas adoration. The incense of the Wise Men's censers, burning within the manger itself, breathed a no truer pledge of devotion than was here sealed, as silent night closed over the world of "Warwick."

That night the snow fell, an unusual occurrence in that latitude; and, in the light of the Christmas dawn, I received a new wonder into thought. The child of the tropics, or the semi-tropics, has missed much of the romance of Christmas. It was only from that white morning that the sleigh and the reindeer began to have relevancy in my thoughts.

Of our "Warwick" neighbors and near neighbors, the names and faces which I best remember were those of the schoolmaster, the district justice, the neighborhood doctor and the cooper. To me, the schoolmaster was both oracle and thaumaturgist, had I been able to put my infantile appraisal into words. From skill in spinning a boy's top, and flying a kite, to arguing the rotundity of the earth, explaining the lunar phases, and pointing out the star clusters under names not always found in the astronomies, the schoolmaster excelled, to the wonder of those about him, young and old.

The exact antithesis of the schoolmaster was the justice, whose upward tending eyebrows suggested the horns of the wisest owl of the barn loft, and gave an oracular aspect to his countenance; but he rendered judgment, even outside his petty courtroom, with Delphic reserve. Like Sir Roger de Coverley, but without knowledge of his original, he was accustomed, when issues were sharp, to say: "Gentlemen, much might be said on either side." Thus he preserved himself in political wholeness, and incidentally grew fat. But this has come to me only as a whisper of tradition.

The doctor was built after a jolly pattern; and his moods went largely to banter and wit. Though in appearance little more than an adolescent, he might have sat for a portrait of "Old King Cole," including pipe and bowl; as, also, he was not



unskilled in the use of the fiddle. His non-conformist utterances sometimes seemed to support against him the charge of infidelity, which he took not the least pains to refute. Also, had his patients been illuminated on the point, he barely had escaped classification as an empiric. But, in that place and time, where, and when, pills and drops were the staple prescriptions, and personal recognizance largely took the place of professional license, a doctor was a doctor.

But this record must do justice to the ruddy-faced, good-natured doctor, for such is the mental picture of him which I retain after seventy years. He was more reverent than his reputation justified, and more sincere than his conversation indicated. His weakness was found in his wit. He felt obliged to amuse his friends. The "Spectator" remarks: "The state of a galley slave is preferable to that of a wit, who must, at all costs, support his reputation, and daily stand in a pillory to make his contemporaries laugh." The rustic healer was unconsciously typing after his kind. In later years he developed into a doctor of the old school, and became a truly devout man.

The cooper was grizzled, pious-visaged, but withal was known as the local Peter Pindar, being a teller of stories that took the souls of the young. This made him the patron saint of the school grounds. His cottage, a rod or two withdrawn from the highway, was hidden, save for its low



roof, in a copse of hedge apples. Even now, I can see the smoke curling over the comb, and can smell the flavor of hot "Johnny" cakes, baking on the earthen hearth. An enchantment between that of heaven and wonderland lay about the cooper's door.

Instinctively, I associated the cooper with the fragrance of those rare woods out of which he wrought vessels of measure, dairy pails and kneading trays. When in his shop, my olfactories overflowed with the smell of red cedar and juniper shavings, turned in silken fineness from the blade of his knife. That was a day apart from all days when I was permitted to visit the cooper's cottage, and have the cooper all my own. Had I, on that selfsame day, seen within his door a form of genie, ogre, or even a brighter visitant, it had been a matter of course, so little were his stories of eery peoples assorted in my childish understanding.

As the summer of my fifth year waned, there came a time when the cooper was frequently missed from his shop. About the carpet of cedar shavings, as about a shattered vase, odors were clinging, but the shop without the cooper was as a song without its soul. I heard a speech which I could not divine; but I somehow understood that a shadow was coming over the life of "Warwick," and that the cottage of the cooper was the center of it. On a day, soon to fall, a new grave was opened in the woodland cemetery of "Warwick"

and on the morning of that day, I was led to the cooper's hedge-hidden cottage, and there, in its ungarnished front chamber, beheld a presence more eery than any of those that lived in the cooper's fireside stories. It was Death!

Wasted of a long consumption, the body of the cooper's aged wife lay upon an improvised bier, set athwart the earthen hearth. A white sheet covered her form, but did not hide the outline of inanition. More convincing than sculptor's marble were the folds of that home woven drapery. Mystery was there, embodied and habited.

"What is death?" I asked, looking on that mocking self of silence. If any one answered, I retain no memory of his words.

But a light shone that day out of the valley of clods. At the grave side, his body huddled like that of a wounded hare, the cooper fell beside the pall, pressing his face against the wooden casket. No sob shook his frame; no cry escaped his lips; but he awaited the rite that should part him from the dust of his dead. The breaking heart of Orpheus, as he saw the beloved Eurydice parted from him forever; the cry of Admetus, when the fair and devoted Alcestis chose death for him, are of record in rhythmic lines; but the grief of a poor rustic that day in "Mount Zion's" wood might have inspired to a threnody beyond those of Vergil and Euripides.

As a layman of the Church, the schoolmaster

read the sonorous service for the dead. The justice, portly, solemn faced, and uncovered, stood by his side; while the doctor, with features composed, and sympathetic gaze, stood slightly apart, in appearance the most clerical personage present. With a cloud of rustic faces about him, he listened, in deep attention, while the simple obsequies proceeded. He might have heard in undertone, or, in the pauses of the reader, have discerned, what could not be put into words. What soul of mortal knows its fellow soul!

The schoolmaster was possessed of two sides. He had his every-day self, and a personality in excess. That personality to-day stood forth as another life. As he uttered, in measured tones, the committal sentences of the death ritual, his voice rose as in the modulations and passion of a canticle. I heard, as only a child can hear; as the deaf hear, in a manual that knows no speech; as the blind see, in visions that have no optical center. But the soul has both a seeing and a hearing of its own. The Patmos vision was in the soul of the Patmian prophet, not in a mist city floating above the Ægean waves.

But, however that may be, I cannot doubt that, at such a time as was due, the schoolmaster's voice climaxed in the cry: "O, grave, where is thy victory! O, death, where is thy sting!" At what should have been these words, the cooper lifted his face toward heaven, a light unearthly shining on

his brow, and glowing, as it were, on the thin grey hairs of his head.

At that moment, the sun of the afternoon broke from behind a nimbus cloud. In depths beyond the orbits of all worlds, beyond the courses of all suns, who will doubt, the cooper saw the spiritual city, itself shining like a star, in the heaven of perfect vision?

The country folk silently filed away to their homes. The solitary mourner went toward his cottage; and the bluebirds, in chorus, sang their evening roundelays.

I had barely awakened from the unconsciousness of the cradle, when the shadow of fratricidal war fell over the land. That shadow, at first, impinged but slightly upon my world; and yet I now see how, in a multitude of ways, it made my childhood different from what it otherwise had been. My fate went with the region of my birth. My teeth took edge from the grapes of tradition.

In a small way, "Warwick," early in the great struggle, became a center of military preparation. Recruited segments of volunteer regiments enlisted at the door of the plantation post-office, paraded through near-by sections of the highway, and filed away with martial circumstance. My first distinct memory of this military stir was when the drummer of one of the outgoing units, a kinsman, put into my hands the drumsticks, and left me to beat a gamutless tattoo upon the drumhead.

At the close of this overture, an encore broke from the lips of amateur soldiers, who were soon to march away to camp, to battle, and many—to death.

The notes of that discordant essay remained with me, and, as time went by, mingled with the thunders of that Armageddon which swept with waste and fire the fairest zones of earth. Even now these years cannot be contemplated without an agony of the life. Accursed war! Accursed fruit of an accursed tree!



## II

### THE BEGINNING OF DAYS

**T**O escape, as far as might be, the perils of war, it was determined that our family should remove to a point some distance westward. The lands of "Warwick," including the homestead, were either sold or put into trust, while the cattle and livestock, together with an unmarketed yield of cotton in bales, were sent in advance; and soon thereafter the household took its journey to a property which had been purchased in the neighboring commonwealth of Mississippi. This new location was a long-before settled ranch, or farm, in a region remote and isolated, and purposely so selected, such were the looked-for marchings of armies, and such the general insecurity of the times.

"McLaughlin Farm," as we came to know the new estate, lay on either side of the Buccatuna, a sluggish, bayou-like stream, which, subject to annual overflow, constantly replenished the fertility of the lowlands through which it flowed.

The former master of "McLaughlin" was reported to have hoarded much gold and silver for his time; and—who could tell?—some of it still

might be buried about the premises! Indeed, the story was bruited that, while the corpse of the slave master awaited burial, every nook and corner of the farm had been ransacked for coin pots by spoliating kindred who saw to it that the miser's shroud had no pockets.

But had the expectation of finding this treasure been realized, it could not have had the interest for me which the old farm itself afforded. The quaint weather-worn farmhouse; the former slave quarters, a village in themselves; the lodge, or overseer's house; the watermill, seen through a vista made by a woodland and the orchard; the orchard itself, whose lichen mailed fruit trees were soon to blow with pink and white; the adjacency of laurel bluffs and brakes of pleasant shrubs, were a source of perpetual delight. The quails that called from the meadows; the thrushes and cardinals that sang in the copses, and the robins that piped from the tops of the cherry trees, revived the memories of "Warwick" and its happy meadow-lands.

With summer past, and autumn come, new delights were pressed into my cup. Endless was the joy of watching the wagons that brought to the log built barns their loads of russet corn spikes, heads of sorghum, bundles of maize fodder, and heaps of golden pumpkins. After this, came the grinding of sugar cane and the tending of bubbling sugar kettles, which, in the semi-tropics, is co-

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incident with the first stages of that season which is conventionally spoken of as winter. Such winter evenings as we had brought the home dwellers at "McLaughlin" into a blessed fellowship, despite the sounds of war that filled the land.

But about this time, our isolation was invaded by news of the approach of a body of armed cavalry within four miles of the farm. The day chanced to be the Sabbath, and acting under parental direction, the entire household, including the domestics, in chapel attire, gathered on and about the farmhouse porch; and there awaited the expected visitation.

My father's voice, rising in a Sabbath hymn, reverberated through the lofty rooftrees, and rolled toward the distant pine barrens. The strain was a pæan of Zion, militant, triumphant.

I had a vision of winged cohorts and blue clad horsemen, sweeping toward us through the pine forests that rolled westward out of sight. I was awed, but not frightened. The mystery attached to the invader filled me with wistful wonder. However, the squadron did not appear; and the Sabbath closed in quietness. Perhaps winged cohorts, all unseen, stood between us and the militant horsemen who came so near. I fain would believe the Dothan miracle emerged that day.

I was now well advanced toward my seventh birthday, curious and inquisitive, not to say, inquisitorial; and also, as I fear, often a concern to

those responsible for my guidance. At times, I must have exhibited, under a general accusation of Adamic predisposition, traits and tempers which were peculiarly my own. I was surely no youthful saint, though an offspring of saints.

The lodge of the older "McLaughlin" régime had been converted by my father into a chapel, where he, or a rarely visiting itinerant, held a monthly or a fortnightly service. There, also, we met each Sabbath to study the Wesleyan Catechism and recite verses of Scripture. Even to this hour, many passages and teachings of the Holy Book are associated with the seasons spent in this reconstructed shrine. There I received the rite of baptism; and there I got abiding conceptions of the duty and privileges of discipleship. But I judged myself more religious on Sundays than on Mondays.

It was about this time, alas, notwithstanding my gracious surroundings, that I began to fall into wilful sins. My mind, indeed, goes back to a time somewhat prior to this of which I must always think as the beginning of the captivity of my innocence. The hour lies far back in the years of childhood; yet certain I am that it was the hour of my first conscious transgression. A lie arose within me, and I consented to utter it. It was decisive and positive as to results. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The summer and autumn of the last year of our

sectional strife had passed. The end was nigh. The guns of the investing fleet, and the answering forts, in near-by Mobile Bay, had sent their reverberations over more than ten leagues of land and water; and the air about "McLaughlin" house had quivered at each recoil of bomb and shell. From those muffled sounds and the conversations heard about me, I gathered a confused notion of what was taking place; but the reading of the riddle of iron and blood was an experience of after years. I marked a sad undertone in the voice of my father; I heard his passionate prayer for peace, offered at the morning and evening devotions; I saw the tears of my mother; but I understood no more.

In November of the year came tidings of the battle of Franklin; and, later, a letter telling of the mortal wounding of my eldest brother, Joel, whom I had seen go away in shining uniform, and with budding epaulettes upon his shoulders. A fortnight later came news of his death. The despairing wail of my mother, the sobs of my sisters, and the bowed spirit of my father awoke a sorrow in my soul which has not been assuaged through the more than threescore and ten years that have followed. I shall carry it to my last sleep.

It was during the weeks that followed that the name of Abraham Lincoln came to be distinguished from a multitude of unintelligible sounds and words. It was so uttered as to cause me to realize



that a tragedy had occurred. My father, with a newspaper in hand, sat with a neighbor on the McLaughlin porch and discussed the news of the assassination of the President. The manner in which he shook his head, and the tones in which he spoke, are, even at this distant time, an interpretation of his shocked and distressed feelings, as of his deprecation of the deed. All that on that day his countenance and words predicted for his conquered countrymen came to pass, and more. The sanity of my father's thought has been a leaven in my own through the years.

I was now in my seventh year, and, with my sisters, was put under the care of a teacher privately employed, as there were no schools of any grade within convenient, or even possible, reach. This teacher was a young woman of indifferent qualifications, but agreeable, and loquacious. I particularly remember that she was extravagant in the imprecations which she heaped upon the heads of those representatives of the Federal Army who came into the south, after Appomattox, on the task of reconstruction. What, therefore, was the surprise of her familiars when, a few months later, she anticipated the decade of reconstruction by becoming the bride of the head hostler of a Federal cavalry regiment of occupation. I have no doubt the hostler made a good husband, but have always suspected that, for himself, he drove a poor marital bargain.

The days of war being past, the reason for our isolation was also past; and, accordingly, preparations were made to leave the war-time asylum at "McLaughlin." My father, having decided to devote himself wholly to commercial pursuits, selected the near-by railway village of Winchester as a place of residence. This village was quite unromantic in itself; and yet my thoughts go back to not a few connections which ministered pleasure and instruction. It, at any rate, became a half-way house to the happier fortunes of my youthful and adolescent years. My stars stood over it, as in waiting.

The settlement at Winchester brought to the children of the family needed educational opportunities. The school which I then attended, with my sisters and my brother, Thomas, the son next older than myself, was taught by a rarely gifted woman, Mrs. Zippora Ward Davis, who lived to a matriarchal age. This gentlewoman was possessed of a talent in literature which, had it been developed, had made her one of the famous women of the world.

During much of the time of our residence at Winchester, a garrison of Federal regulars was quartered on the village plaza, using the county buildings as a base. The daily sight of the national flag, flying from its lofty staff, and the morning and afternoon evolutions of the troops, were to me a manual of national life. Also a better

destiny came to the nation out of its nightmare of blood. In that better destiny my years came into the pledge of youthhood.

It was at this time that death came to one who has been accounted the foremost ecclesiastical statesman of all the periods of American Church history. This was Bishop Joshua Soule, author of the fundamental law of the largest religious denomination on the Continent. The death of this renowned leader impressed me signally in the years of my early youthhood. The impulse coming from the emotions of youthful veneration and wonder led me, when far past middle life, to write a memory volume of this chief lawgiver of the Wesleyan household. Now, in the days of official retirement, after nearly threescore years of ministerial labors, I recall that there are thus between the active memories of my life and the episcopal functions of John Wesley but three men who have held a like office with myself, namely, Joshua Soule, William McKendree and Francis Asbury. This biographical aside is, as I know, chiefly of personal interest; but it illustrates the steadfastness of the promise: "With long life will I honor him, and show him my salvation."

It was near the close of my eighth year that there came to me that definite spiritual change to which, already, I have referred, and upon which for many past years I have been able to fix as my birth from above. The evidences of change and

regeneration given me at that date have grown more distinct with passing time; so that I have been able to say: "I know that I have passed from death unto life."

This was an evangel of the home altar. At the evening meal, I occupied a place at my father's right hand. During the meal, he spoke in his usual earnest and tender way, making the story of the dying Christ very real, and asking me to choose, while young, the good part which could never be taken away. While he was yet speaking, I felt that I did love Christ, and that I could choose for Him through all my life. I spoke nothing of this feeling; but I received the parental word with quiet reverence. After the evening prayer, I went with my all but infant brother, Oliver, to our room, and, before retiring, knelt at our bedside and prayed, realizing as never before, the meaning of prayer. As I lay in bed, I experienced what I afterwards knew to be forgiveness and acceptance, and simply and quietly rejoiced. I was a twice born soul.

This was the beginning of days; and from that hour onward, with the exception of certain sad wanderings, and lapses of loyalty, to which I shall hereafter advert, I have continued to count myself as wholly the Lord's. Also, without reservation, I can say that never once have I suffered doubt or hesitation in accepting the written Word of God for its every claim; or in appropriating the truths and promises of the Gospel. Such was the pure and

simple sanctity of my early home, such the quality of training given me in childhood, and such also became the fixity of my mind that faith has been my breath of life.

The seat of justice having been removed from Winchester to the neighboring village of Waynesboro, the fortunes of our family went logically thither. The transfer was easy and simple. In time, a commodious dwelling, with accessories and a generous acreage, was secured in the outskirts of what since has become a thriving small city. In this new seat I was to spend the years of my youth; and to see the way open into a future destined to share the longevity and hope of my ancestors.

It is like filling a cup at a banquet to recall the memories of those beginnings of life at Waynesboro. There was plenty in the home; but simplicity and economical expenditure were the rule of living. A share in the general administration was allotted to each member of the family. I counted as happy the assignment which left to my care a collection of beehives, which was an item of the home wealth. As I grew in years, the culture of bees became all but a passion; and I found myself a youthful Hubert, peering into the secrets of the busy honey makers. Logically, this led to a general and philosophic interest in entomology which, in its turn, led to a study of science from the side of its interpretative relations to theology



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and religion. The parables of science become the beatitudes of living.

Soon after the settlement at Waynesboro, I was put under the tutorage of a unique and interesting personality. This was Edward Knaiziwitz, who, according to report, was of a noble Polish family (and the name is well attested in the heraldry of Poland). He had been expatriated from the Fatherland because of his participation in the revolution of 1830. As an alumnus of at least two of the universities of Western Europe, he was familiar with the languages of the principal peoples of the Continent. His mastery of English, as I judge, would have been attested at Oxford or Harvard. He had been a soldier in the armies of three nationalities, Poland, Italy and America, and a patriot in each. He bore honorable wounds; and, it may be, the evidences of more than one affair of honor; for he was, even in age, a skilled and enthusiastic fencer. In the peace times of his life he had been private tutor to the sons of not a few families of circumstance. Battered and grey, he was yet alert, of constant military bearing, and a paragon of courtesies and gentle manners. While I was under him, I was particularly advanced in English orthography, mathematics, geography and elocutionary reading. I shall ever count it my good fortune that, at my so susceptible age, this soldier scholar should have become my tutor. He made himself sire to the passion of my provincial

soul; and yet I now realize how incompletely I profited by that which was brought so near me. I was as one who, having come to the house of the interpreter, felt chiefly a sense of awe. I honored the good grey head, but could seem to appropriate only crumbs from the fellowship of the good great soul. It was only long after Apollo, disguised as a shepherd, had lived with fellow shepherds in Arcady, that they knew their sometime brother was a god. It was only in long after years that I realized that, in the person of my old-time preceptor, the shadow of an archon had fallen athwart my path.

Through my mother's Sabbath day stories, and from the recitations in the chapel, I had, from the beginning, a fair understanding of the Scriptures. It was now that I was led constantly to read the historic books and the Psalms. The heroic and military note of the Book of Joshua particularly commanded my interest. The histories of world wars, read in later years, have seemed but tame beside the inspired record of the Palestinian conquest. The forms of the Anakim rise out of its periods; while a martial movement bears onward, more circumstantial than the combats of the Iliad, the Wars of the Roses, or the battles of Napoleon. No better inspirational volume can be put into the hands of youth. Its reading brings courage, vision and stalwartness of faith.

The law and logic of association are the formula

of living. From a Bible story, read in the susceptible days of which I write, the name "Shechem" was given to my lips and memory. Significant of ancient relationships, and full of interrogation, was to me the picture of the city so named. The initial interest of a moment of boyhood deepened into years of study and research. More than half a century later, when I found myself in the excavation trenches of Belata-Sichem, gazing upon the uncovered fundiments of the temple of El-berith, I still felt the inspiration of boyish fancy and interest.

The time had now come for me to build more firmly upon my primary school training. I had distinct ambitions, looking toward study and preparation. About this time, an academic school was opened in the immediate vicinity, a response to the newly awakened life of the lately war distressed region. In this school I was entered, near the beginning of my thirteenth year. I now counted my stars to be ascendant, and gladly went to my task.

The founder and head of this academy was one John West, a Master of Arts, who had been trained for his university work by Seth Mellen, another educational celebrity of the section, who, in turn, had been a pupil of Mark Hopkins. As a one time pupil of John West, it has been my boast that I was but two sittings removed from Mark Hopkins and his "log," recalling the familiar saying of

President Garfield concerning that prince of educators: "A university is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other."

The name of my old preceptor is forever hallowed in my memory. Nature endowed him with its own brand of intellect, and with very humanlike qualities; education made him, not a conventional scholar, but a lover of knowledge and truth, after the manner of that devotion which caused the academicians of Greece to be called "philosophers." Added to this, God made him a nobleman. How much of his intellectual and soul self he put into me, I can estimate only by the wish that has determined my every effort and plan in life. It was the master in him, both in and out of school, that made him the ideal and spur of my ambition.

The woodlands about our academy were wild and genii haunted. The home of the master was back in the selfsame woodland, amongst enticing pines, an easy walk from the schoolhouse grounds. The woodland and the pines had ready ears and voices. They also had moods, and the power of keeping and disclosing secrets. They were friendly, too, to those to whom they had a mind, or to those who had a mind to them. Goodly shades in the zone of the soul!

Below the grounds, under a mighty beech, a fountain burst from the earth, ringed with reeds and ferns. Its waters fell into a near-by brook,

arched with alders and redbuds, and dark with shadows of the fen cane. The fountain was as Hippocrene to my fancy; and in a literal interpretation the schoolmaster made me guest in his den amongst the pines. The brave book which came his way, he put into my hands that we might not cease to be fellows in thought and wish. When a mental sharpener took him unawares, it became occasion for an out-of-class exercise, conducted after the "end of the log" method. Mark Hopkins could not have excelled him.

The years have passed, and I see their tracts in retrospect. It is not by the ungarnished walls of the low belfried schoolhouse in the woodland, nor by the humdrum curriculum plodded through from term to term within those walls, that I appraise the seasons of honest knowledge giving and getting. Not the routine, self-devoted services of the pedagogue, though these were elemental; but the pedagogue himself, that indefinable something which, at last, is life and soul, the brimmed up urn of personality, without assertion, and, often, half unconsciously delivered, life to life, it was that availed to help. In the light of this retrospect, our rustic study house lifts itself into classic porches, and tessellate halls with their appropriate corps of titled professors. The stuff of dreams! Yet out of the glamour looms the figure of my beloved old master; and I am content that all should have been as it was.



It was during these study years that I entered by formal vow into church membership; with my younger brother, Oliver, to whom I was affectionately attached, and who was the understudy of my boyhood and youth. I was then approaching my fourteenth year. The pastor of our church was a stalwart of the older itinerant school, a man of lion-hearted faith, with a religious experience like that of Saul of Tarsus. His denunciations of sin were as naked as the "burden" of a Hebrew prophet; and his challenges to repentance were like the sweep of a sword. He knew the place, the hour, the moment of his conversion, and demanded of, and promised to, others an equally definite experience.

How much the personality of this archon emphasized the word which he brought is of the record. In the pulpit of the candle-lighted chapel, at evening time, his swaying shadow easily might have suggested the Archangel flying in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel. It was not mighty in the wisdom of this world; it lacked forensic dress, and made no appeal to critical technique; but it was direct, sin and soul discovering, and wholly of the substance of the Gospel.

The impressions which, at this period, turned my thoughts toward entering the Christian ministry, though now but little past my thirteenth year, suggested that I should make myself familiar with the languages in which the Holy Scriptures

were written. A Greek grammar which had previously come to use in my hands, became a talisman of my future years. It had many successors in my library but for fifty years this leather clad *Bullion* was kept amongst my book treasures. Later, I took up under a tutor the study of Hebrew. I have never been able to understand how a man who has been called to the ministry of the divine Word can be content to remain ignorant of its original readings. However indifferent the familiarity attained, if only a way is found to the heart of the record, its teachings become cumulative and effective.

It was characteristic of my mental moods at this time that I found engagements with books of an austere type. Amongst these were such volumes as Drelingcourt's "Meditations on Death"; Baxter's "Saints Rest"; "The Last Days of a Philosopher"; and Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ." When in long after years I read Barton and Papini, I realized how incomparably superior in all matters of reverence and understanding was the writing of the English Churchman.

### III

#### TESTING YEARS

THE heaven that lies about us in our infancy is but a few seasons removed from the temptations awaiting the feet of our youth. The contradiction of life is that its birth-right may be surrendered in a moment; that, in the twinkling of an eye, heredity, with the pledges and vows of childhood, may go down in the rising tides of youthful lusts; that the glow of brain, the rhythm of pulse, and the delicate edge of appetency, which are the heraldry of youthful nobility, may be given to the grossness of fleshly appetite. The perfect art and incomparable pathos of the Master's Parable of the Prodigal Son are traceable to the fact that the eternal Youthhood of God deals with the tragedy of carnality in the youthhood of humanity. Incarnation was the process of perfecting youthhood.

From the prodigal of the parable to the "Faust" drama runs the record of sin, not only through the creations of literature, divine and human, but through the sentience of blood. No philosophy can neutralize, as no casuistry can minimize, the abnormality of that which is born of the flesh. Genius

has blunted itself in the effort to excuse it; poetry has marred its numbers in a desire to condone it; and fiction has exploited it to satiety. In the presence of it, judgment becomes timorous and discretion is left in doubt. But, none the less, its grossness must be made known even to inexperienced youth. True self-knowledge is worth all it costs.

Were a cruelly truthful story told of the outward and inward goings of our sin-tempted youth, it would make a volume more sensational than any novel ever written. Divine grace has left us to interpret ourselves apart, in those deep recesses which only the Spirit of God can invade. Auricular confession, as a tenet, is unscriptural, unethical, and impossible, since the mind of man is what it is. It is our judgment, as also it is our stay, that our secret sins are set in the light of the divine countenance.

I am writing here of a lapse of my early loyalty; a season measured by weeks; indeed, all but only days; yet to memory grievous beyond any measurement of time; a recollection which still, like a sword, pierces to the heart of my flesh; an inward death that daily dies.

Two peaceful years had followed the vows of discipleship, when I awoke to find my feet in the ways of darkness. I easily might have charged this to the influence of older companions, or to those who should have been my protection and not the stumbling-block of my feet; I might have

counted myself one with my fellows; but naked, and alone, I cried: "I, only I, have sinned and done this evil in thy sight."

When in Tissot's gallery of colors, I came to study "The Shadow of the Cross," the emotions and contritions of these hours returned. In "The Shadow of the Cross," the painter has shown the Christ of Nazareth, in his thirteenth year, when he was "subject to his parents." The scene is laid before the door of Joseph's workshop. The virgin-mother stands apart, without the door; while Joseph, with plane in hand, is seen within. To the Lad, Joseph should have said: "Bring hither two boards from the drying shed." With these laid upon his shoulder, he was making his way across the bit of green before the shop, when, his feet tripping, the boards fell athwart each other, and, in the clear sunlight, cast the shadow of the cross on the smooth grass. Mary saw it, but understood not; the Lad saw and understood. In this pose, the artist has caught a perfect vision. With the dew of his youth, and with the likeness of his Father's glory in face and form, he stood, that blameless One! As I beheld, my contrition burst forth anew in words a thousand times repeated: "O Christ, that my youth had been like thine! "

The world began to grow more real, and I thought of employment for my hands. About this time, I read, to an extent, in pharmacy, and con-



tinued to the point of becoming an occasional prescriptionist; but, after no long time, I graduated from the gallipots, the smell of a fly in the ointments forever assailing the olfactories of my conscience. Destiny, as I gathered, had not called me to roll pills; but to call both myself and others to repentance and the fruits thereof.

But, notwithstanding this and other mental admonitions, I gave thought, by turns, to both surgery and law, as not being sure of the tokens of my stars, though the sword of the Cherubim blazed before me. A fire of unrest also burned within. I rose to heights, or sunk to depths, according as the moods of certainty or uncertainty prevailed. At one moment, I was master of my will; at the next, I was led into captivity. I was ready to fly in a ship of Tarshish; to inflict self-expatriation in impossible adventures. I even sketched the coastal outlines of a land to which I would betake myself. But from each of these alternatives I returned, having conjured the Nine Mile Boots in vain. The problem before me was, at last, seen to be a practical one. Penitently, I addressed myself to its solution. This solution proved to be the use of common sense and the keeping of the commandments.

The wheel of fortune, at last, turned happily, and I was set down amongst pleasant fields, and in the midst of a courteous folk, where I took up the task of keeping school. Here, slowly, the light

returned to my eyes, and I set my face toward a dawn that has known no darkening. The conversion of one's motives, which is of the new birth, is an elemental and practical matter. Such spiritual renewal should go with our daily food; it should be the subject of daily conversion. But conversion, found in any category, is a word of fire, and therefore tortures uncircumcised life.

After two years of rustic school keeping, I approached, with feelings of self-distrust, my nineteenth birthday. Nineteen is the testing age of becoming manhood; the age at which youth begins to fade out, like shorelines behind an outward going bark; and when the ocean lines rise, heaped against the mystery of adventure. A youth of nineteen is an odd number of younger humanity; a discouraged candidate for membership with the bachelors of good hope.

Sensitive to criticism, I met not a little of it from friends and indifferent folk. Could I have had before me some diaries, which I later read, I should have been comforted thereby. Dante, Abelard, Keats, Henry Kirke White, Beaconsfield and Alfred Tennyson are some names that come at random in this list. I was twitted as a dreamer, and else; which else referred to care in speech and preference of classic uses. But, in good faith, I affirm that this propriety came of conscience, as also of the rote imposed by faithful tutors.

For years thereafter, I suffered mild impeach-

ment from elders who, though they grew for their own delectation acres of dog-fennel rhetoric, censored the slender rows of sweet peas and immortelles grown in the garden of my fancy. This reminiscence would be occasion for merriment, were it not a matter of laughing alone. Dog-fennel rhetoric is still nearly as persistent as the split infinitive.

In these years, I often brooded to the point of depression. But, as in prior years, I found solace in the companionship of books, and divided confidence with spirits that never carp. Books do not rebuke us for dumbness, nor show ill grace at our lack of apprehension; they comfort as they can, and patiently await our return. A good book is the brimmed over measure of providence.

My reading, at this time, brought a widening view of the fields of literature. It included Greek, Roman and modern history, certain of the English classics, as also close and analytical study of certain of the English poets, particularly Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Moore, a knowledge of whose works was the culture test of the period. To these were added, a little later, Goethe, Tasso, and Dante, with Shelley and Keats. Essays in several lines of discussion, as of religion and elemental theology, came in as pieces of resistance. I laid out a generous program for the years immediately to follow. But the task was not accomplished without industry, persistence and

self-drubbing. I was, and remain, by nature, physically lazy.

But, notwithstanding this battle with inertia, I read during the first twenty-five years of my life, almost every great poem of the world, from the Rig Veda to the Idylls of Tennyson, besides other thousands of pages in theology and general discussion. I set a taskmaster over indolence and ease, and came at last, with zest, to the state of self-mastery.

It was also at this juncture that I began to contribute to the press, the temptation of every degree of literacy. Qualified success became a snare, and finally brought me into Babylonian captivity. Could I have foreseen the years of editorial grind at the mills of the gods of the ink-pots and the galley sheets, I well might have christened as "the Son of Sorrow" the first naked bantling of my rustic pen.

Even at this time there was with me a strong inclination to choose literature as a life calling. The lure of authorship was ever present. The muses betrayed me into attempting impossible essays. Lyrics, heroics, and idyls, destined to die unsung, or to live but a brief day in print, struggled in my brain and took tribute of my utmost hours; nor have these delusions ever quite loosed their hold upon me. They have made requisition at costs, but have yielded somewhat of compensation. I hold, with Sir Philip Sydney, that the hours spent

with the muse have not been lost; for, though the poetry itself may have been indifferent, the purpose behind it has been one of self-worthiness.

The small city of Mobile was not only our market, but was also the source from which we derived our social and literary ideals. At this time, there existed there a literary coterie whose reputation had traveled well beyond the boundaries of their section, a thing then quite difficult of achievement for Southern authors. The more distinguished members of this circle were Father Abram Ryan, poet; Augusta Evans, the author of "St. Elmo"; Madam LeVerte, world-traveler and essayist, and Admiral Raphael Semms, commander of the ill-fated commerce destroyer, *Alabama*, and historian. These were a perpetual spur to my literary ambitions, and were exalted in my imagination to seats in the house of genius. But judgment with regard to this was much altered from the viewpoint of later criticism.

On the day on which I was formally inducted into the ministry the pen fell from the death palsied hand of Albert Taylor Bledsoe, the Church's most renowned editor, and hailed in Europe as "America's greatest thinker." The wildest of my thoughts at that moment could not have foreseen that a few decades thereafter the Church would entrust to my hands that selfsame pen. Nothing is ever stranger than that which comes to pass.



## IV

### SERVING AND THINKING WITH MEN

I WAS now, at twenty, invested with a cure of souls; but felt vastly the need of help in my own will and thought. Behind me were the approval of committees; the solemn convening and closing of assemblies, and the final word of assignment. I was at the meeting of tides. Consciously, I began to live, albeit in the sense and agony of lack; but there was in this more of grace than I knew. A crown of gold never yet made a king; only a crown of iron, or a crown of thorns can do that. Like useful metals, manhood must come out of fire.

What must have been the inward sense of those prophets sent from Judæan wilds, to confront the kings and proud of the earth? They went softly, but confidently, knowing the messages they bore. No soul of man can ever feel as great as his task, if only that task be heaven imposed or birth derived. The youthful missionary, whose personality is glimpsed through these pages, answered to the call of heaven, as also to the challenge of his birth. He was sent. In that spirit he went, and in that spirit has stood to the end.

There is but one life, as there is but one sanc-

tification of life; and but one evaluation of all that is in life. The transported whole, therefore, is the measure of ministry and testimony; it is the drawing of thought and loyalty to an abiding unity. Biology shows that it is force that holds the elements of our bodies together. Conviction holds mind and soul in unity of being. "This one thing I do."

But now came the trying out of the ideal of youthful seership. The agony of timorousness; the consciousness of untrained talent; the isolation enforced by custom; the awesomeness of the inner vigil, and the crushing sense of responsibility without—this is the generation of the Spirit-led prophet, who, often, in all but adolescent years, has undertaken a ministry in the highest of all human needs.

Not a little of the fiction of our day has satirized the youthful curate as an interloper in holy offices; a seeker of selfish ends; of even salacious opportunities, and worse. The counterfeit is proof of the minted coin; and the interloper is contradicted by the letter of the divine call. The called are a multitude reserved to everlasting honor.

Chotard, my first parish, answered in type to the original of the evangel. The foundation which it offered to the eager but diffident evangelist was unique. No man had built thereupon. It was spiritual neutrality.

The Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, which describes the body of alluvial lands lying for an indefinite distance northward between those rivers is one of the most fertile sections of the American Continent. In it the fertility of the Valley of the Nile is reproduced. Here, during the decades of the half century immediately preceding the War between the States, flourished a feudal planting system of luxury and civilized elegance nowhere surpassed, if anywhere equaled, during any period of American history. The conditions which followed the War radically altered the aspect of this life situation; but there was still left, and survived for a period of years, an interesting and important entailment of this older feudal order.

In the persisting mansions of the planters remained, in many instances, the rich furniture, heirlooms, paintings and bric-à-brac, which it was a habit of the families and heirs of these seats to accumulate. In less frequent instances, rich and extensive libraries were gathered into these homes. "Chotard," which gave its name to the parish, was in the midst of what had been a characteristic link in this chain of splendid estates, with their vast acreages and appointed homesteads. Within a distance of thirty miles might have been counted as many holdings, whose farmhouses well could have been assessed as princely. Though much of their dignity was, even at the time to which this record relates, only a memory, it was tangible and still a

source of gratulation and heraldic boast. It will endure as a story to be told.

A proud people these were found to be, clothed in the faded and war-rent habiliments of their former glory. They had been long without form of ministry, and even without seasonal hearing of the Word. No church organization ever had existed in the wide territory described. It exhibited such conditions as those which met St. Paul at Athens, at Corinth and at Ephesus. At bottom, it suggested what a churchless land might easily become.

A small chapel, mildewed and somewhat dilapidated, was the radial center of the parish. But, Sabbath after Sabbath, the pastor went forth, holding "missions" and giving Bible readings in the parlors of the plantation homes situated along the front of the great sea-like river. Geologically, the soil was like that of Esdraelon; but spiritually it was kindred to the slopes of Tophet.

As the slender streamlets from the hillsides flow and gather into the unity of the valley brook, so these experiences of my beginning time made sure the ministry of my after years. The earnestness and simplicity of these slender outgivings mingled with the meditations of age. My yesterdays have instructed the hours of to-day.

But there was, as I must add, a collateral side to these early parish experiences which most distinctly impressed and affected my mental habits and

ideals. In those mansions, surviving from the old order described, I found a home culture and refinement, humanistic and genuine. I accepted it as my task to turn this culture into a conversation of the Galilean walk, the effort to which end brought a double reward. The Gospel is native to the finest instincts and truest culture the life of man can know.

No more hospitable establishment, nor one more politely regulated, could have been found in all this region than "Villa Vista," the plantation home of Colonel Basil G. Kiger, a Virginian of the blood, and a man of the world, but sworn to the courtesies and amenities of his tradition. Under his roof had been assembled a library of classic character and of a wide range of titles. The origin of this library is of historic interest. Mrs. Caroline Gwinn Kiger, the wife of Colonel Kiger, was a daughter of Dr. James Gwinn and niece of Senator William McKendree Gwinn, the latter famous as a California pioneer, and author of the first constitution of that commonwealth. These two astute brothers were the sons of Father James Gwinn, an early Tennessee itinerant and an intimate friend of Bishop William McKendree. Mrs. Kiger had inherited the combined book gatherings of her grandfather, the venerable itinerant; her father, himself a book lover, and of her uncle, the distinguished publicist, who, during the War between the States, naturalized in Mexico, and was there given the titles and



holdings of a Duke by the Emperor Maximilian, of tragic fame. These combined collections, as one can see, made an unusual bibliotheque for a private home.

In this home, with access to its treasures of books, the young pastor at Chotard found an unending welcome. Nor was the welcome of the book spirits in their hall of audience less generous than that which was met in the drawing room and guest chamber of the planter's mansion. The standard English poets, essayists, historians, treatises on the humanities, works on science, and discussions in the fields of theology and ecclesiastical institutes, with classics of other languages, frocked in vellum and buckram, found in this literary store were matched by cultured minds of the household. It was a place in which to revel and to grow the thews of intellectual Anakim.

I must cite an incident of the increment drawn from the two years' use made of this old-time home library. Amongst the church histories and creedal volumes found on the planter's book-shelves was the three-volume "History of the English Reformation," by Bishop Burnett. The reading of this *magnum opus* proved a real task. But no exercise of my mind ever returned a larger or more enduring result. Dr. Edward Young, author of "Night Thoughts," in his theologian days, applied to a contemporary ecclesiastic for advice as to his private reading. The scholar strongly advised him

to read the works of the Schoolmen, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. This advice, which, upon its face, appears ludicrous, was followed by the theologian at great cost of time and mental concentration; but the exercise resulted in producing one of the most unique and affluent intellects of the English Church.

I can make no boastful claim concerning my use of the creedal history of the great churchman. But this I may state with modesty, namely, that when, thirty years later, the American churches became involved in a controversy over the revision of the abridged Edwardine Creed, known as the Twenty-five Articles and I was forced into the lists as protagonist of the anti-revisionists, it was the long stored up knowledge, gleaned from these ponderous volumes, that supplied an answer.

I revert to this as a matter of history, not as setting up a claim to mastery. The times themselves conspired against revision. It was then too late to write a creed, and the years that since have passed have confirmed that judgment. The creedal appeal of the future must be to the naked text of the Canon, to its truth, to its historicity and to its doctrinal totality. It is well that no new creeds have been attempted. The great historic creeds will remain; but, like the pent-up waters of an overflow reservoir, their tenets must return, at least to the mother stream, the Word of Revelation itself.

It was during my incumbency at Chotard that there fell on the land from the jetties of the Mississippi to the middle reaches of the Ohio Valley, the historic scourge of yellow fever, the most deadly epidemic of any disease to visit the States of this Republic. The young probationer at Chotard, and his people, were shut up strictly within the limits of that parish, a rigid quarantine being drawn around the entire littoral. During the months of summer, death reaped a ghastly harvest in the crowded quarters of the trans-river plantations. Nor did the yellow scourge fail to invade the prouder homes of the plantations' masters. Across the tides of the wide river the sound of funeral bells was wafted almost hourly, and continuous tidings of death came officially through the quarantine cordons; but, with a single exception, the pestilence entered no home or adjacency within the circle of my assignment.

Near the close of the first year of my ministry, fortune brought me into a friendship which more deeply and genuinely affected my life than any similar influence that ever came into it. Through a quite incidental invitation, I sat down at table with two men, each of whom began to be about thirty years of age; and to whom I was junior by eight to nine years. But, notwithstanding this rather considerable difference in years, from that hour until their death, we lived with all but one thought and one ideal.

These twin immortals were Charles Betts Galloway and Elijah Embree Hoss, to name either of whom is to cite a half-century of the history of one of the chief religious communions of North America. With the first, I already had enjoyed a warm intimacy, beginning with my entrance into the pastoral relation; but the second had not been met by either of the other two until this happy fellowship of the table.

Charles Betts Galloway, the first of the trio, was all but matchless as an orator, and as a leader in the field of religious and moral advancement; while Elijah Embree Hoss was a great church publicist, a thinker of the highest order, a master of assemblies; as each was a seraphic preacher of the Word. I foreknew that each would live to receive tokens of the Church's highest favor, and it was given me to see the completion of the bishopric of each. I have now passed well beyond the life years of each, and await the summon to join them in the perfect visibility of life eternal.

The beginning of a valued intimacy which had sympathetic contact with the fellowship above described belonged to an early subsequent date, but has its proper record here. Necessity took me for a long sojourn to New York City. This brought me opportunity to hear some of the great preachers of the day; and to come into direct touch with the larger life of the world. The Metropolis then, much more than now, was the eye and ear

of the nation. Commercialism had not so strongly possessed it, as now, and the sensation of the "bright lights" had not so nearly eclipsed the intellectual insistence of its studios and academies, as its pulpits had not entirely lost the evangelical leadership of the Continent. A recognized voice in the city and nation at this time was James M. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, who, with Elijah Embree Hoss, is entitled to be named as one of a group foremost in the religious journalism of America. This church statesman and leader received his youthful coreligionist into a confidence which grew in genuineness until the disparity in our years was lost in a mutual heritage of grey hairs.

In addition to the literary engagements heretofore mentioned, I was drawn into an inquiry after art; not, indeed, after its technique; for I have never affected brush or chisel; but after the ethics and traditions of painting, sculpture and architecture. I adopted as my absentee master John Ruskin, then at the height of his renown, and reveled in the interminable output of his genius. "Modern Painters," and "Seven Lamps of Architecture," became my sources of illumination. As I found power, I received into thought the rhythm of color, the grace of sculptured lines, and the majesties of plinths, capitals and pediments. I thus discerned how love, truth, beauty, power and light are simulated in friezes, mullions, foliations, pilasters and



the arches of "windows richly dight"; and how these, in their turn, may be made to speak back the language of the soul. The aureoles of saints; the faces of Madonnas; the girded loins of pilgrims; and the winged shoulders of cherubim became incarnations in thought, and helped to make real the disclosures of the evangel.

It was only when, a time in the galleries of Florence and Rome, that I realized how kindly I had been led of unseen interpreters into the house of the beautiful; and how there had been given a new speech to the lips of my desire. Art may be made a cloak of affectation; the means of displaying an ignorant pride, and worse, or it may become a guide into the knowledge of truth. The Galilean who saw loveliness in blades of grass, the lilies of the field, the faces of little children, and in the cities of the sunset, knew this meaning and use of art before the world understood the significance of its own creations.

The unities of literature are as tangible as those of painting and sculpture. Indeed, to the higher perceptions, painting and sculpture shade off into literature, and literature into these. The First Psalm, Tennyson's "Ulysses" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as lofty instances suggest a stage of transition from written language into forms of sculpture and painting, or the reverse. It was at this point in the study of the ethics of art, that I was led to give attention to three masterpieces,

representing three separate languages: Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" and Goethe's "Faust." These, collectively, do in literature what painting and sculpture do in colors and form, show the essential sides of life from sense to spirit; from the lowest to the highest motive. From "Sartor Resartus" I derived a new and sympathetic view of the universe; that is, the universe of philosophy which becomes the macrocosm, as related to microcosm, which is man, his affection, his knowledge and his faith. "Les Miserables" brought a new view of humanity, in the analysis of those natures and emotions which furnish subjects to the painter and the sculptor; while the mysticism of "Faust" was found to appropriate the originals of both the English and the French compositions. Above all, these three furnished a basis for assembling the deductions derived from both art and philosophy.

These authors walked especially in the emotional paths in which I felt drawn to walk. Not that, even then, I was unaware of the fact that classic literature, including eminent modern examples, must be treated as statues and colors are treated, with fig leaves and draperies. The depravity of classicism, in both art and literature, often lies but little below the skin; while the contagion of vain imaginations, in thought and belief, is exhaled with its breath.

But this I learned, if it be of any worth to

younger contemporaries, namely, that the classics are to be approached as we approach life. In life the true and the false are rooted together, like tares and wheat. The wisdom of the parable is the wisdom of life, that is, to separate to the soul the wheat in a fierce and final judgment of qualities. The same separation must go to art and literature.

I like to think of it as being inevitable that a soul of might then abroad in the earth, Count Lyof Tolstoy, should have walked in conquest, into the house of my being. A contradiction of the civilization of his birthland; a contradiction of the moral sense of the world as a whole, was this ascetic philosopher, this master lover of humanity, who put labor before everything else, and who counted that life has no meaning, and no happiness, except as it is spent for others. His bold, uncompromising humanity furnished him the cues and topics of world changing books, and his religion of labor supplied him with the zeal and industry which brought his boldest dreams into reality. The voice of Tolstoy was more nearly the universal voice than any other heard during the nineteenth century. Thinking of Russia as it is to-day, it seems impossible that he should have died but a quarter of a century ago. Equally incredible it seems to me that his spirit should have come to my most susceptible years, while yet he lived in the warmth and mastery of flesh and blood.

## PREACHING AND THE NEW THOUGHT

FROM the spiritual influences of art and the classics to the traditions and ideals of preaching is a logical transition. The literature of homiletics confronted me; but I confess to having treated the matter much as I was led to dispose of the teachings of art. I yearned after the spirit of preaching; but eschewed the rote of sermonizing. Whether that was better done is now too late to inquire; but should a younger confrère find himself similarly influenced, he is welcome to whatever comfort may be deduced from this confession. Homiletical artificiality has emasculated sermons and subtracted from the general power of the evangel to an extent beyond the units of computation. True preaching is the finest of arts; because it results from the matured and refined fervors of mind and soul. It is the residuum of living and thinking.

In the beginning, I had before me sermons of Wesley, Massillon, Bossuet, Chalmers, Christmas Evans, Spurgeon, Frederick W. Robertson, and the pulpit lights of my own denomination; and though, I think, none of these influenced me greatly as to

form and method, I am sure they left upon me a portion of their spirit which I have humbly tried to make my own. One could scarcely have lived and preached during the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century without being influenced by the pulpit utterances of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Each week his discourses, evangelical, pentecostal, convicting went out in printed form to the world. The greatness of the world's greatest city was enhanced through these messages.

My earlier ministerial experience was made particularly bright and fortunate by the ascendancy in the national sky of two luminaries of the pulpit, whose names, by reason of contemporaneous fame, will ever be associated together in our national history, Henry Ward Beecher and T. De Witt Talmage. It was my privilege to have known and heard each of these, and constantly to have read their printed discourses, as delivered week by week. Widely separated in thinking and in forms of pulpit utterance, they yet attained a common vantage from which they presented the Gospel as the panacea for the soul maladies which have come upon the race. In the center of the nation's most congested population and heaped-up wealth, each was as a voice in the wilderness. To whatever extent the theology of each may have lacked (and to-day the orthodoxy of each would be counted sturdy), each was trumpet toned as to the



fundamental need of the race,—the Gospel of the Crucified Christ.

Tested by every canon of technical judgment, Henry Ward Beecher becomes the foremost preacher in American history. The fineness of his diction, the range of his thought, the clearness of his expression, and his gospel concept, confined him to an individuality which gripped the faith and imagination of his countrymen, as of the world, and became a heritage of posterity.

Fortune, at this time, brought me into intimate friendship with yet another distinguished pulpit orator and master of exegesis, Dr. W. H. Milburn, "The Blind Man Eloquent," at one time Chaplain to Congress. In England he was heard with the same responsiveness that greeted him everywhere in the homeland. He breathed an inspirational influence into both the manner and spirit of my preaching; though his methods and mastery were all his own, and might not be appropriated by any imitator.

Contemporaneous with the continent-wide influence of the master spirits of the American pulpit referred to in the preceding paragraph (though in no sense resulting from their teachings) there began to creep into the religious writings, and even into the preaching of certain clerical groups, a subtle theological dissent, which widened into radicalism; and, as has happened in all past centuries, got to itself the name of "new thought."

This fell out about the beginning of the "eighties" of the last century.

This radical manifestation was hardly the result of propagandism, unless, indeed, in some measure, it was traceable to a Unitarian influence engendered through the challenge of the writings of Dr. Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson, with other representatives of that school. But, certainly, it was largely due to a drift from the literary situation of the early decades of the century, a senescent deism, represented in England in the poetry of Shelley, and in Germany in that of Heine. In America, it had no particular representative; but lived in the fame of Jefferson and the ghost of Thomas Paine.

Easily identified was this so described "new thought" with the rationalism of Goethe, naturalized, as it were, into English authorship, and cited by destructive critics and adventurous scientists, who made of the anthologies what they would. Later came the satirical note in Dickens; the splendid vagaries of Carlyle, the theological errancies of George Eliot, and the widely read translations of French fiction. The thinking resulting from these crystallized into a volume which became the oracle of the prevailing rationalism. This was "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. At the time of its appearance, this work was characterized as "a brilliant example of the embodiment in fiction of intellectual problems of

contemporary interest." It recounted "the struggles of a young clergyman who could not accept all the miracles and dogmas of Christianity, yet was in deep sympathy with its spirit." It was typical of its day, and prophetic of the full blown destructive theology of the present and the recent past. A critic of the time immediately succeeding the phenomenal circulation of Mrs. Ward's book in the English speaking world declared "the sensation which it produced entitles it to rank as one of the most remarkable books of its generation." It was, indeed, the precursor of sensations soon to emerge on every level of intellectual life. Of these I am to make record in future paragraphs.

I read the literary output of this cycle not without having been consciously influenced into new trends of thought; but without suffering any inroads of skepticism upon inherited faith. I rejoiced in the fellowship of humanistic intellects, and gloried in the freedom of human judgment; but saw no occasion for a cheap parade of such independence. Poets may be born; but critics must be made, and that at great cost of time, labor and study. This I have learned at some cost to myself. The experiences of this period led me to examine anew the fundamentals of my religious belief. When I come to think of the vigilance with which my infancy and childhood were guarded, I cannot refrain from contrasting what then *was* with what now *is*; and the temptation often is to

contrast critically in favor of what now obtains. However, I find my emotions as constantly corrected; and it has been so through the years. I cannot but reverence the fine conformity, even the near asceticism, of the religious life of my ancestors. I could wish to have preserved their heroic self-denial, with much of their literalism in faith. However, I should be unfaithful to conviction, should I say that, particularly as to a literalism which meant much in their creed, the Word has become to me more spiritual; but not one of its statements has ceased to hold its place of verity.

I have never veered, I can never veer, from the steadfast position that, in the Bible, Jehovah has given an inspired revelation to men; and that therein are set forth all things necessary to their salvation. But partisan and constrained interpretations concerning the revelation have suffered change, wholesome, steady change. The word is self-corrective.

Three centuries ago, in Venice, one might have bought, at any choice, for a hundred florins the crystal vase of a doge; but, later, these vases, crushed, ground to impalpable powder and blown again from furnace fires, blossomed into new forms, for which a thousand florins must be paid. The crushing of religious ideals does not necessarily mean the loss of either their substance or their use; but rather their return to us in more enduring form. Thus I took stock of my religious

heritage, and strengthened myself for the days ahead.

At three-and-twenty, I found myself in lines of pastoral work in the island city of Galveston. This I accepted as a fortunate settlement; and so, in the end, it proved. Half a century ago, this Southwestern port held one of three chances to become the second maritime city of the Continent. That chance vanished when a three days' hurricane and tidal wave swept its site and left it little better than a strip of desert. But the courage of its people restored it, and built a Cyclopæan Sea Wall about it. However, the time of my first seeing it was long before this disaster. At that time, it seemed none other than the Island of the Blest.

In the long calms of the year the seas breathed soothing airs about the low lying shores. Roses and oleanders bloomed on every side; while the magnolia and the lotus-like sloe infected the atmosphere with creeping odors. Summer succeeded summer, and met spring returning in the way.

It was inevitable that life should borrow the moods of nature. The languor which came of the sea smiled at changing fortune. Religion itself partook of the general *ennui*. However, conscience grew flaccid rather than false, while spirit and flesh were not wholly at truce.

Without delay, I addressed myself to a task which promised both reward and the fruits of joy. Here again I took an inventory of my convictions



and motives. I felt inward approval and renewed the vow of lifelong obedience to the Spirit's call.

The ideals of my faith were happily balanced; I was neither zealot nor liberal. I was never a partisan nor a sectary. Armed with the creed of my fathers, I went to battle, and, except for occasional whispers of the serpent, the inward witness was steadfast.

I laid no claim to perfection; but was comforted in St. Paul's account of the embryo saints of Corinth. I held myself to be a saint in the making; but boasted no checking balance of supererogation.

I took my denominationalism literally, in one particular at least, in that I ought to be methodical. After pastoral rounds, came daily application to study. My book-den, though modestly stocked, exhibited titles in numbers that defied early exhaustion; indeed, some there were which (though it were theological treason to admit) were never recognized with so much as a formal call.

## VI

### FACING THE ISSUES

I NOW turned to face the world and the issues that beset my calling; for although admonished of gracious stars, my mind regarded lightly such challenges as I first met. But presently there came an awakening; and I was made aware of a diversity of spirits about me, with whom I must reckon. The world is one; and through the world there is one path for the open minded. That path is *through* the world.

Men and books! Men from without, as also of my own fraternity, faced me with cold, convincing words of doubt; books, bold of statement, tore, swordlike, through what seemed the vitals of my faith. I stood aghast; yet, in very desperation, demanded of earth and heaven that I be given time in which to think the way through. I resolved to take it as of divine right; but in the meantime, the tension grew. A shock was due to come. It came from mid air. A fellow cleric, whose versatility had captivated me into a close friendship, developed, in our confidences, his conception of the Christian ministry. He took little interest in theology; to him it was an aside! The

ministry was a profession; the pulpit was an opportunity; he, himself, had entered orders on this basis. The pulpit called for mental equipment and good behavior; no more. Its message was a refinement of ethical generalities. That pleased the pews, compounded with the public offering, and was an end of controversy.

I listened to the plausible discourses of my familiar; and listened too long; soon I was at the parting of the ways. As to how long I was held in this state I have designedly sought to recover no recollection. Confessedly, I gave a measure of tolerance to what I heard, and it was only after some struggle that I recovered my former conception of our anointed ministry. It was return from Babylonian exile.

But the story ends in tragedy, over which it is only charity to draw a veil. The career of a brilliant intellect went out in darkness; while my distress passed as a shadow passes with deepening light; but for half a century it has been with me a sad and reproachful memory.

After this experience books began to have a double value, as also to offer a double peril. I did not then, as I do not now, fear any book. With Charles Lamb, I hold that there are books I do not have to read; and, withal, volumes of high pretense; but any book that offers a real challenge I dare to engage. So much one owes to candor. Convictions and ideals are like a heart romance.

To be worth while, they must be able to abide the test of truth and fact. Nevertheless, I give my judgment against a majority of the books spawned by the press of to-day. For the most part, those that are not inane screeds of unsound theology are madcap science or prurient social twaddle. The robust book comes up like a lion in a herd of zebras.

Intellectual robustness compels a reading somewhat beyond that with which one can agree without jar or effort. But quite to the contrary was the advice which, about this time, came to me from a veteran of orthodoxy. "When," said he, "in reading, you meet an opinion contrary to your own belief, stare it out of countenance, and go on." But this is a rule calculated to foster intellectual cowardice. Better use wisdom in the choice of books, and keep your scalpel in easy reach.

The school and the schoolmen of English monism, beginning with Charles Darwin and reaching to Herbert Spencer and Thomas Huxley, were then regnant, Darwin dying in the year of which I write. It so happened that the city in which I labored had become a center of new thought activity. The discussion of monistic evolution was common in clubs, school boards and social circles; and finally surged to the doors of the churches. By its adherents, the hypothesis was believed to have scrapped the books of the Old Testament, and to have brought the teachings of the New Testa-

ment into permanent discredit. Had there been a "third house" capable of appraising the situation, the discussion by advocates and opponents, equally unschooled, had been more a contribution to merri-ment than to scientific knowledge. What becomes of the zeal and the spirit of the world's controversies, new and old? A few grains of wisdom, here and there, have resulted from these straw threshings; but for the most part, the contestants have had their labor for their pains. These early evolutionary onsets were no exception to the rule. Many of the positions then occupied by both scientists and laymen have been discredited. However, truth marches on.

The religious mind wavered; but the swing was not so much toward positive unbelief as toward languid doubt. The term "agnostic" began to have wide use, as "infidel" and "atheist" had in a previous generation. That was fifty years ago, and was the beginning of what is now defined as "modernism." It was the first wide breach in traditional faith occurring within the Church proper. Pope Pius X launched an encyclical against it, first giving currency to the term "modernism." Protestant religious leadership entered a new protest; but Protestant scholarship already largely had followed the new trend into German criticism.

Confused though I found myself to be, I was not driven from the anchorage of tradition; but I



could not remain altogether in a former stay. My stars moved, and I moved with them. I determined to enter upon a task of investigation. My first step was to assemble, so far as my means permitted, a library of philosophical and scientific works, including those of the Monistic school, several scores of volumes in themselves. Continuing this lead, I entered, both for philosophical and religious ends, upon a reading of Plato, Philo Judæus, Augustine, and Anselm, to which were added studies in the Vedic and Parsee writings. In these exercises I discovered how every department and age of literature and philosophy plays upon every other part. Also, to my lasting instruction, I discovered the fallacy of over reasoning in all times and all lands. The verdict against materialistic monism went to record full three thousand years ago. No error under the sun is new.

As offering a close-up view, I also, at this time, went to the study of geology, using, in addition to lectures and authoritative books, the output of quarry pits and drifts, to assess for myself the analogies and homologies of ancient life. This book getting and fossil study covered an indefinite period. As to books, in those years, the words of Erasmus came with striking significance: "When I have some money, I will buy books; and if I have anything left, I will buy shoes." However, under all conditions, it is a good rule for the stu-

dent to buy books only as they are needed, and can be read. Otherwise, useless and unread volumes will be accumulated. I determined to work patiently and await the results of study. Unanswered questions and unquieted anxieties I kept behind the study door, never once obtruding them upon the pews. A more golden silence I have never practiced, nor has one ever brought me better results.

Thus I struggled apart; but on the Sabbath preached the blood and fire of the evangel. Though oftentimes pressed in thought, I never once was led to discount my message. A hypocrite, an agnostic, or even an infidel might simulate this message for a time; but not for long. Persistency and inconsistency never run a course together. From this reflection came comfort.

When at last I found my feet on the rocks with reference to evolution, I turned to questions of biology and ontology. My early interest in surgery and the materia medica brought reinforcement. Nothing worthily learned is ever lost. Beginning with only a pharmacy knowledge of these sciences, I sought to build toward the mystery of man's bodily being in the earth. It was a toilful progress, but found its reward. What science needs is to give reverent study beyond the catalogues of museums and the experiments of laboratories. This also in the chance of honest lay study.

Professor Ernst Haeckel, with his "Riddle of

the Universe ” and “ Evolution of Man,” being the boldest of monistic theorists, I thought it proper to begin with him, closing with his embryological charts, published in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

As a gloss, I may here state that a heresy charge loomed when, to certain “ hardshell ” clerics, this chart was exhibited, with explanations of the principle of foetal development in animal organisms. I look back to these years and smile, as there must be some beyond the tomb who likewise smile, at the memory of this implication. Heresy is a name for theological bankruptcy. It is the absence of serious inquiry after truth.

The conclusions reached as the result of the study applications of these years have suffered little change; and I am prepared to finish to the end my testimony in their defense. While in these memoirs there is not room for scientific disquisition, yet, since the matters adverted to lie at the heart of our present day controversies; and since I owe something to the young men who have lived under my ministry and administration, I am setting down here the letter of my own judgment, as also what I believe ultimately will be the general judgment of Christian scholarship, as to a final statement of traditional theology, as it is impinged upon by science.

In the light of this final judgment, the canonical Scriptures will suffer no loss of spiritual or his-

torical values; no discredit will come to their compositional integrity, to their claim for a revelation through miracle and inspiration. Misinterpretations of scientific data where they relate to revelation as not something actually established, therefore, have resulted in doubt concerning the Written Word. Bible criticism always has been larger and sounder than its theories, as man has always been greater than his civilization. The religious peripatetics who offer rewards in money for scientific proofs against the cosmology and history of the Bible belittle the Bible thereby. It is truth that makes men free, and truth will establish itself without bribe or syllabub.

As to the hypothesis of evolution, it was my judgment forty years ago, as now, that no one of the main branches of science was destined to wait longer than geology for a final proof of its more important conclusions, organic evolution being the chiefest. In the nature of the case, some of the conclusions of geology, as of other sciences, must remain suspended by the forelock; for they never can be proved. They are part of the mystery of our being, covered, if not forbidden.

But that the whole series of animal organisms, from the mollusks to the inferior primates, resulted through a process of development, and that during ages of incalculable length, is beyond serious question; indeed, is as well proven as any fact in science can be; and, moreover, is provable from

Genesis. The evidence is in the museum of the rocks, assorted, tabbed and shelved by One inscrutably wise and exact. But when geology has deciphered its record to the close of the fifth day of creation, it is estopped. The chasm between man and even the highest of the anthropoids is bridgeless. There is no fossil man; there is no missing link, notwithstanding the claims of enthusiastic and confident specialists concerning skulls and other prehistoric human remains. The most that can be said of such relics is that they have outlived their usefulness.

The fact of man's existence stands out as a miraculous climax; but mysteriously, even confusingly, heading up the series of ontological developments in universal nature. The riddle of the Sphinx was the riddle of itself, man and lion in one; a riddle which runs to impossibility. Any identification of man with that of even the highest of the inferior primates constitutes a riddle more impossible of solution than the most radical creationist theory conceivable.

With the beginning of the universal cosmos, God and nature started out to make man. All else was to be accessory to this. The cell is the beginning, as it is the ending; and whatever is finally dynamic in ontology and evolution is in the cell. It is the cornerstone of cosmic life.

Reference has been made to the fœtological charts of Professor Haeckel. What is shown



there, under agnostic witness, is the letter of revelation restated in the language of science. In the early first stages of development, distinction between the ova of mammals, including man, is not discernible; but differentiation quickly ensues. Then the human embryo stands apart, endued, assertive, transfigured. Science must account for this, and write the genesis of the human ovum, before it can pass in judgment upon the ontology of man, as given in Genesis. This story of Genesis can neither be overturned nor ignored. Like the carcass of Samson's lion, it carries within itself an unsuspected secret.

Evolution, before it can come to truce with faith, must begin with that word of Genesis which says: "And the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." In that impact of the divine upon the human, the dynamic cell came into instant being, and hence the mind-illuminated body of man. Humanity is an incarnation, rather than an evolution.

Man was never an ape; and no ape, by any possibility, could ever have become a man. At the base of anthropoidal life there is, and always has been, that which renders evolution into the state of humanity impossible; and that is the absence of the interfused and quickened cell. The record of this cell is not in the rocks; not in the fossils; it is only in the body of man, instinct with a living soul. Neither microscope nor chemical analysis

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can detect its secret—which is the breath of Jehovah.

From chaos to cosmos, and from the lowest order of animal organisms, “creeping things” of the littorals, up to mammals and man, is the order both in Genesis and geology. No other ancient cosmology bears a semblance to this order; but, with one accord, they grotesquely go their own way. There is something behind Genesis that is not behind the Creation Tablets of Nineveh, nor other writing turned from the hand of man.

This it was that, long ago, led me to record the statement, from which I have found no cause to retreat, namely: “The man who wrote Genesis, and I hold that man to have been none other than Moses, was either the most astute geologist that ever lived, or he was inspired for his task.” That he was both geologist and inspired, I believe.

From records of a most ancient origin, embodying the wisdom and understanding of, at least, the early postdiluvians, or whose age must synchronize therewith, the materials of Genesis were derived, and, assuredly, through inspiration. Beyond a doubt, as it seems to me, the early chapters of Genesis include the ripest wisdom of men who meditated their words, not through decades only, but through centuries of individual longevity. Antiquity had long leisure; modernism has had time to ferment, but not to settle on its lees.

It grows on thought that the modern world is in

contempt of the intellectual greatness of the ancients, and the most anciently ancient, at that. Our towers and sky-scrappers have matched the height, but not the majesty and unchanging challenge, of the Pyramids. The modern printing press has multiplied the power of literature; but the wedge-shaped stylus and the clay tablet of the cuneiformists exhibit a greater output per square of activity. The stylus tended to exactness and profundity; the type machine tends to mediocrity and superficiality.

Neither as literature, nor as expressing attitudes of the human mind toward the phenomena of the beginning, have the first chapters of Genesis been equaled in the writings and speculations of mankind. Modernism has developed a stilted terminology; Genesis discourses in the settled speech of a primeval race. Modernism vacillates and returns upon itself, living in a perpetual panic; Genesis remains unequivocal, steadfast, exact. Genesis is entitled to have accorded it time in which to exhibit all its proofs. When modernism has assessed itself, or has been authoritatively assessed, the proofs of Genesis will be in.

It is not necessary to show that the Bible is in exact mathematical or chronological accord with human science at any given period; but rather that it is in accord with itself and the spirit of mankind, ethical sanity and the motions of consciousness. Is it a world book? That is the test.

Parenthetically, let it be said that religion never can be helped by placing statutory limitations on the study of scientific data. As logically, and as healthily, the order could be reversed and legislative limitations placed on the teachings of religion. Science must run the gauntlet of a free pulpit, while religion must hold its cause against a free forum. Besides being both scientific and religious, that is common sense.

Working thus through geology back to Genesis, I rejoiced in steadfastness of conviction, as now.

My confidence was much enhanced when I found myself under the influence of Professor Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, whose lectures genuinely illuminated the difficult relations of the science of Christian faith. He was of the earliest type of Christian evolutionists, a scientist of deep insight and profound learning. I counted his service as a star added to my horoscope. For a time I had rest.

But my release from onset was brief. Following the furore over monistic evolution came the urgency of historical criticism, better known to the religious public as "higher" criticism. In joining this issue, I entered upon what has proved the most distinct intellectual experience of my whole life. For a quarter of a century and more, my blood has answered its urge. From midriff to brain cortex I have merged with it.

## VII

### SUNSHINE AND CRITICISM

**A**T the height of my serious study of the testing problems of religion and science, I was transferred to California, first as pastor of Trinity Church, Los Angeles; and later as editor for the denomination on the Pacific Coast. In the sunshine of "the Ultimate West," I found myself anew. Beginning to be about thirty years of age, I felt afresh the urge of duty and destiny. It was during these years that I began to grasp the full significance of Bible criticism as a science, and to see it as the continuing problem of religion.

Fortunately, as I now take it, I had read the masterpieces of literature, not neglecting the open lines of history. In this latter engagement Buckle's "History of Civilization," and Guizot's great work in the same field, particularly came to my aid; not, indeed, that in Buckle's peculiar theory of history, as the result upon peoples of soil, climate and geographical situation, and his anti-Nietzschean rejection of "great men" as a cosmic nuisance, I did not find new difficulties; but his disturbance of the stagnant waters of what Napoleon described as "a fable agreed upon" helped to loose me from the specious grip of prag-



matism, and discounted the bolder aspects of monism, to which, indeed, looked some details of Buckle's own reasoning. I also turned again to the literary masters of the Victorian age, many of whom were still alive; and most constantly to its poets and novelists, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. To account for the theological and scientific departures of any given age or generation, one must know the intellectual and social constraints upon the people who constitute it. That knowledge, largely, must be derived from contemporaneous poetry and fiction. This principle never so completely applied to any age as to the Victorian age. The culture output of the present time differs in every aspect from that of the Victorian period; but it may be put to the use I have indicated; and I would passionately advise the studious young cleric of my day to do with his reading what in his college days he was advised to do with his Latin: "Burn the ground over, as you go."

Just at the time, fifty years ago, when I was timing such a study of Alfred Tennyson's poetry, he had come into the full renown of his years. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" and "Crossing the Bar" were still in the keeping of the muse. I not only saturated my thought with the sweetness of his lyrics and idyls; but I found "In Memoriam" and "The Two Voices" to be rhythmic essays upon those questions of nature and

faith which vexed the life about me. In "The Two Voices" I read:

*"When first the world began,  
Young nature through five cycles ran,  
And in the sixth she moulded man."*

This was a new and perfect restatement of Genesis; and one that must stand. Ten years before the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," Tennyson wrote in "In Memoriam":

*"Let knowledge know her place;  
She is the second, not the first."*

The utmost concession which he granted to the then current monistic contention was this:

*"Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."*

It is to me a royal toast of memory that I was then alive and joined the multitude which saluted the genius of England's laureate; and hailed him as the very greatest poet that ever lived. In a way that I need not explain—that I could not explain, were it demanded of me—"In Memoriam" and the "Idylls of the King" have influenced all sides of my thought life, as have no other writings, save those of Holy Scripture.

As already more than intimated, I had not chosen the lists of criticism; but as Addison declares: "Philosophy suggests motive to religion

and religion lends pleasure to philosophy." Controversy has come unbidden and disrelished. Too generally criticism has been made a profession to be ridden to advantage or barren authorship.

The critical situation existing forty to fifty years ago, as regarded the Old Testament, was quite different in some material points from that which exists to-day. Then at the heyday of its claim of "assured results," the Wellhausen school viewed the traditional interpretation of the Bible as a wreck. It was not believed that the contentions of the "source" hypothesis, or the exhibits of the deductive method of dealing with Israelitish religious history, successfully could be challenged. But on this I will make a later observation. The situation existing forty years ago was this:

First, the books of the Old Testament known to critics as the Hexateuch were held not to have been written in the times, nor by the authors, to which and to whom they are credited by tradition, and, indeed, in several cases by the books themselves. On the contrary, they were written six to eight hundred years later, and falsely credited by editors or composers to Moses and Joshua.

Second, much of the prophetic literature is of doubtful origin and authorship; but, for the most part, is older than the writing of the law books, the earliest composed of which was an Ur-Deuteronomy, or the nucleus of the canonical Deuteronomy, ascribed to the high priest Hilkiyah,

in the reign of Josiah. The prophecies of Daniel, Job, Joel and possibly Jonah, were referred to the times of the Greek Emperors of Syria and later, to a period between 300–100 B. C.

Third, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Nehemiah and Ezra were accounted of little historical value, much of their matter being legend and myth. Psalms and the pastorals, lyric and wisdom literature, were variously dislodged from their traditional placing, and were brought under suspicion as to their compositional integrity.

In addition to this supposed wreck of the traditional Old Testament canon, the Tübingen school had matured a destructive hypothesis to the effect that the origin and *motif* of the Four Gospels were to be referred to apostolic fondness and tendency. The Epistles, with the Apocalypse, were held to have originated, for the most part, during the second Christian century.

Without traversing the "source" theories, and assessing the rebuttals of constructive science, it would be impossible completely to show how the situation above described has been met in a recovering of the scholastic Christian mind from the coma into which it was then sunk. But, while this may not be undertaken here, an ordering of the main facts will be to the comfort of faith.

A theologian whose experience has run with the past fifty years has had the advantage of witnessing the ebb and flow of critical thought through

many periods of change. He has seen orthodoxy and tradition, illy furnished in the major elements, strongly withstanding the Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis. Then he has seen the vast majority of orthodox leaders accept the hypothesis and settle supinely under the weight of its "assured results"; until, at last, a new conservative scholarship arose, when he saw the beginning of a counter wreck of the whole system of monistic conclusions, including the finality of Darwinian evolution, Wellhausen criticism and a recrudescence of Hegelian deductivism. The present religious distress comes largely from the clutter of this débris.

My own memories are a manual of these reactions in the theological discussions of fifty years past. I have not failed to read books of this period; but my mentality has also become at least a photographer's negative of the shifting stages of the half hundred years of controversy. I opened my eyes and saw; nor have I closed them in the face of fiercest onset. I am paroquet to the rote of neither extreme. I am not a fundamentalist, as the term is strictly defined; I am not a modernist, as I know the facts to be. Intuition has saved me from the one; grace and judgment from the other.

In a brief review, I will cover the points in destructive criticism herein adverted to.

First, as to the integrity and authorship of the Hexateuch, or the Pentateuch, plus the book of Joshua. I hazard nothing in saying that the



weight of scholarship to-day, especially in Germany, the land of original offending, favors the claim of Mosaic authorship for the Pentateuch; and the arguments being built up in support of that contention are such as will abide. Of course, the scholars assuming this new attitude do not go back to the literalistic viewpoint of a hundred, and more, years ago. They recognize upon these books the touch of post-Mosaic hands, but no less divinely guided than were his. The law, the history and the essential literature of these writings are Mosaic. Also, whatever is true of the Pentateuch, especially Deuteronomy, is true of the book of Joshua. It belongs to the same general age, and was written before the close of that age.

Second, the prophecies speak for themselves, their internal evidence, in most cases, being in direct line with the claims of tradition. The critical dissection of the great prophecy of Isaiah into a trinary composition is more fanciful than fruitful, and follows the discounted "source" theory. As to the critical late dating of Daniel, Job and Joel, the critical obsession with reference to the latter two grew out of alleged verbal anachronisms which have been shown not to exist. The date of Job was made to hinge upon the theory of a late wisdom period of Jewish literature, which, if it existed at all, could not so well be placed as in, or near, the time of Solomon.

Third, I cannot better serve the reader of these

memoirs than by stating in this connection what long has been to me a steadying conclusion, namely, that the answering of the major question of criticism against the Bible, that aimed at the Pentateuch, answers all the others. Given the historicity of Moses and the law, the prophets fall into their place, as do the other sections of the Canon. This easily may be read by any runner, going in the right direction.

The Tübingen criticism of the New Testament collapsed forty years ago. However, it has had, in some sort, in recent years, a recrudescence, airily led by a pulpit in the Metropolis. The theory of the post-apostolic origin of the Four Gospels has been abandoned; but the tendency and fondness theories of the origin of the stories of the Virgin Birth, the Galilean miracles, the Resurrection and the Ascension have been made to fit into a doctrine of subjectivism which takes the place of both history and inspiration. This is involution from theological vertebrata back to mollusks.

Thus I have sketched my study processes, and often solitary applications, during fifty years, stating conclusions which have become as my blood. As the results of these processes, I have moved, forward or backward, as the case may be; but I have left nothing behind—Bible, faith, confidence, all remain, with the overplus of what is fair and good in God's world and in the books of men. It is not criticism that I fear; but the critics.

In addition to strictly scientific and critical questions, I found myself confronted, especially during my years of ministry in the city of Los Angeles, by an array of cultic abnormities, including divine healing, so called; extremes of chiliasm; perversions of the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness, with bids to psychic credulity and incitements to occultism, without end. The mind is taxed to conceive of the genesis of these departures from the simple norms of faith. The elemental fact, however, is that man is a religious animal, and that he has made to himself gods of his own, and has imposed upon them such interpretations as agree with his hallucinations. The adherents of these cults are nearly always victims of false teachers who have conjoined Jehovah with their own devices, that they may sacrifice to their purse strings and their bellies. At last, it becomes religious animalism.

The blessed stars of "Warwick" never shone more clearly than against these distressed skies. As in a Norwegian whirlpool, I took inventory of myself, and found a steadfast keel beneath me. Faith is not sentiment and emotion only; but is also the exactitude of mathematical reasoning. Whoever weakens the units of spiritual values not only distresses the table of commandments, but wrecks the multiplication table. The universe is a spiritual plenum. The law of gravity is an order of worship.

## VIII

### EVANGELISM AND YOUTH

**T**HIS record now turns from speculative reminiscence to a period of religious activity which has here its order of time. The last two decades of the nineteenth century, as they expressed the life of the evangelical churches of America, were marked by a distinct and most unusual evangelistic movement. Perhaps the history of Christianity had not before recorded the coming together of so great multitudes of people to listen to evangelistic preaching, and for such long continued audience. An army of evangelists contributed their talents and zeal to this continent-wide reformation, for such it proved to be in many obvious results. Two names became preëminent in this movement. These were Dwight L. Moody and Samuel P. Jones, familiarly hailed, simply, as "Sam."

As a pastor in different cities, I was several times amongst those associated with these remarkable men. The memory of the upheavals of public feeling, and of the inroads made into public and private conscience, is distinct as to the personalities of these two men and the effects of their preach-

ing. They recalled the apostolic beginning and set a precedent for times to come.

Dwight L. Moody is entitled to be designated as the father of modern evangelism. He pioneered in a new method of approach and also in a new spirit of appeal to the unconverted multitudes. He gave a new turn to evangelistic preaching as he found it, and introduced into it a new emphasis of Christian assurance. The revivalism of several immediately preceding periods had been hortatory and, as regards the call made by evangelists, the appeal had been to the emotions. But Mr. Moody drove directly to the spirit awakened reason, and to the end of a satisfied mind of belief. However, a full interpretation of the atonement went with this, and became the inspiration of appeal. The Christian public was ready for this virile doctrine of experience, backed by a life which exemplified it.

Mr. Moody's world message began to be delivered in the early "seventies" of the last century. In England and Scotland, multitudes heard him. From London and Edinburgh, the leaven permeated the provinces, and reacted over the continent of America. The result was not only a stabilizing of Christian experience, and the adding of vast numbers to the membership of the Protestant churches; but also the raising of ethical standards in the private and public life of the two nations.



The career of Sam Jones was much briefer than that of Moody's; but was more meteoric; and the effect of his preaching was more direct and radical. His ministry logically followed, and theologically conserved, the fruits of that of Moody. With a voice whose compass was never excelled; of slender frame, an almost hypnotic presence, especially when in discourse, he spoke directly to the conscience, intellect and feeling. His addresses were an admixture of eloquent appeal from gospel grounds; a frank development of the contemporaneous mind; sarcasm, especially at the expense of the high browed, and denunciations leveled at every form of evil and hypocrisy. No man of the pulpit was ever so widely quoted, or had his short sayings more generally adopted into current literature. One of these sayings: "Quit your meanness" came near to being a national motto.

At times, his speech was grammatically chaste, winsome and suited to channel the highest forms of thinking; then it suddenly dropped into the vernacular, keen with witticisms, disregarding verbal forms, and ponderous with battle-axe strokes, delivered on the secret and open sins of men. He has not been equaled in a thousand years. He was Savonarola, John Huss and Peter the Hermit rolled into one. His preaching served to all but double the membership of some important Christian congregations; and, beyond any doubt, the temperance and prohibition wave which,

rising in intensity, swept the country from about the first years of the present century, was largely set in motion by his preaching.

A reminiscence of my first period of labors in the West relates to a cognate of the noteworthy evangelistic movement just described. This was the distinct beginning of the prohibition propaganda, looking to the realized ideal of a "saloonless nation." Fitful efforts at the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors began early in the nineteenth century; but made little headway until after the War between the States. One of the melancholy results of that struggle was to thoroughly establish a liquor revenue license as an institution of the country. This seemed to secure an endless tenure to the traffic. But devotion to the ideals of sobriety, with a determination to educate the American people in the duty of protecting their homes and promoting their highest moral good, led, first, to a wide-spread organization of temperance clubs of fellowship and coöperation.

Later, the integrated temperance sentiment grew strong enough to justify demands for local option. This movement was given impetus, about the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, through the organization and activities of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, under the leadership of a remarkable woman, Miss Frances

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E. Willard, who deserves, and will receive, in due time, a monument equal to that of the greatest statesman of our history.

The applied doctrine of local option, early and logically, was followed by a demand for constitutional State-wide enactments against the traffic. It was this stage of the movement which I met in my earlier activities in the West. In the States of Texas and California, and somewhat later, in Tennessee I was forced, through conviction, into the arena of public discussion, and acquired a familiarity with the ways of the traffic and its appallingly corrupt political support that stood me in stead on later fields and in fiercer contests with this deadliest enemy of civilization, for an account of which this calendar will later call.

The human mind has never realized fully the enormity of the evil of drink, much less the abnormality of the crime of license. Naturally, both drink and license have coalesced with other moral delinquencies of the race; so that the smiting, in prohibition, of his central horn has wounded the composite dragon to his death. This is not only the effective philosophy of prohibition; but it is the prophetic end of this complex of sin. Caligula wished the people of Rome had had but one neck, that he might sever it at a blow. The drink evil has concentrated into itself the chief sins of civilization. Legal prohibition is the only axe of execution!

The place achieved by the American nation in the unqualified prohibition of the liquor traffic put it foremost in the moral history of mankind. It prophesied the ultimate of order, health and human prosperity; but, in an evil moment, the nation, having wearied of this trust of providence, repented of its courage and high idealism, and returned to its gluttony of drink. Prohibition was discarded. It is easy to say that the nation was not educated for so advanced a step as prohibition. It is not educated for any ideal in righteousness, but, nevertheless, the law says: "Thou shalt not steal"; "Thou shalt not kill"; and to rescind these would be to abandon society to absolute lawlessness. Legal suasion awaits the drunkard maker; it also awaits the nation which gives license to the drunkard maker.

A vision, and one not unrelated, in my mind, to the evangelistic and reform movements reverted to above, now fell to me, and materially, as spiritually, affected the next twenty-five years of my life. One of the minor planets was in conjunction, and, desiring to observe its phases, I procured of the authorities permission to use the great refracting telescope on Mount Wilson. The ascent by burro pack, in the twilight and, partly, in the deeper night, to the mile high observatory station, was an unusually thrilling experience. Every one, sometime in his life, should climb to the summit of a lofty mountain. The earlier the task is under-

taken the better, perhaps, for it is an experience that can hardly be had twice. I have ascended a number of peaks, both in this and other lands; but have not been able again to put myself under the spell of that first adventure.

Above the crags and peaks, one finds in the semi-tropic region of California an atmosphere which transforms the nocturnal sky. Therein "one star differeth from another star in glory." Before the huge lens Venus appeared with "duplicate horns," and the mists of the Milky Way broke into countless suns and worlds. I felt the joy of an amateur, but was exalted to fellowship with Herschel, Brahe, Copernicus, Ptolemy and the Magi of the East. To the music of a mountain rivulet, and to the sighing of century old mountain pines, I slept that night, and, with the rising of the sun, started on the valleyward descent. At that time, the valley was brimmed to the secondary mountain crests with a sea of mist, the floor of which burned with a constant glory. A superior peak which stood apart was clothed with an Apocalyptic rainbow. Its summit was dread; too near to mystery, too far from sense! I felt the eternal about me, and inwardly answered to a summons. "Get thee up to the mountain; and there it shall be shown thee! "

God has come most frequently to the world by way of mountain tops, and there His secrets still abide.



I hastened to descend; but not without bringing from thence occasion for undying joy of soul. What dreams of our poor selves come often true! He who wrought our minds and frames left them mixed with "such stuff as dreams are made of." We were made to dream.

Out of the inspiration of this mountain top vision came the completion of a plan for the organization of the young people of the Church into continent wide affiliation. Other religious leaders had promoted this ideal within the limits of their own denominations. The afflatus of my mountain top visit went to the point of initiative and action. The Epworth League of my church was born in this experience.

I hastened to bespeak my vision to the Church. This entreaty was heeded, and, in time, it was given me to have directional responsibility for translating the vision into the lives of those who through nearly half a century have multiplied into millions. This ministry to adolescent Christianhood has left in my hair, notwithstanding its now almond blossom whiteness, the dew of unfailing youth. The fountain of youth is the fountain of service to youthhood. I count no other experience of mine as quite comparable to that which came in the fellowship and administration of the Epworth League. It now begins to be about five and forty years since I was first led thus to lay my hand on the young life of the Church. During that

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time, thousands on thousands of homes after the Epworth model have been given to the kingdom of earth; mission fields have been opened through patronage of the League; and the families of workers in all missionary stations have been recruited from the graduates of its chapters.

It was Victor Hugo who said, "The nineteenth century is a century of great conventions and assemblies; but the twentieth century is to be a century of great realizations." This has been wrought in the history of the Epworth League and its cognates amongst the young people of all the churches. The nineteenth century closed with the spectacle of multitudes of young people moving under banners, and following blazoned mottoes of the Kingdom, to gather in spontaneous testimony and protests of their faith. The land swelled at the sight, and the tide of spiritual life rose in every communion of the Continent. At an Epworth League meeting, held in Detroit in 1904, forty thousand attendants were estimated to have been present at a session in one of the city parks.

This formal enthusiasm had its day; but it left a residuum of spiritual power and testimony in the life of American youth that can but endure. For one thing, it educated out of the lives of hundreds of thousands of these youths the taste for drink, which is now most evident in the middle aged of this generation, as the brewers and beer venders have been forced to admit.

## IX

### A CLASH OF FORCES

NATURE often suits its moods to our mental states. At this period, in the night time, I was constantly watching within the chamber door of one beloved, and long an invalid. During these vigils I companied with the books of Plato, and for a mental respite read the criticisms of Poe. It was a time of unusual seriousness, and of dynamical reaction in my thoughts. The season was autumn, and the night was cloudless and still, all but ominously so. Suddenly, the nadir hell awoke. The timbers of the house creaked, and the furniture answered to an unseen medium. "An earthquake!" I cried, and, springing to the window, looked into the night. The trees of the park, dimly seen in the starlight, quivered with inanimate fear; the roofs and chimneys swayed against their backgrounds. The air was electric. It seemed the prelude to nature's dissolution.

I looked heavenward. The white stars were there; and they alone of all creation seemed steadfast. It was eternal morning in their lofty spaces, and brother orbs were singing together, as of old.

Instinctively, I stretched forth my hands to enmesh them for safety in the rays of everlasting shining.

"I will not fear, though the earth be removed," I said, intoning an ancient litany, and going back to sit with the Academicians of Athens. But the effect of that midnight alarm and that salutation of the stars, is still a motion within me. One never forgets an earthquake.

This commotion of nature was concurrent with a wide-spread social and industrial unrest, coming to a climax. The nation was in throes, which were moving the ends of the continent upon the White House and the national administration. My awareness of these agrarian tremors had come by way of printed disquisitions. Our sympathies are the creatures of our thinking, and our thinking most frequently is incited by books; though there were masters of thought before there were books, else books had not been. Acquaintance with the works of Charles Kingsley early led me to think deeply and sympathetically of the condition of laboring people in all lands, and especially of the laboring poor in my own country. This sympathy developed into a desire to better understand the causes of poverty and evaluate the claims of labor. Further inspiration came in a survey of the highly humanitarian methods then being employed in England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in dealing with wage and want, the leaven of whose doctrine

of amelioration permeated the thoughts of mankind.

The very positive views which I then matured of the artificial inequality of capital and labor have been held in steadfast conviction. The agrarian theory of Henry George was widely accepted, and earnestly preached; but even then was counted a vagary. Every form of socialism was also being advocated by one group or another. Paternalism was not without representation. Also, the red flag was floated in savage seriousness.

In this environment I experienced much difficulty in forming an intelligent judgment. However, it came to me to regard labor as a problem to be dealt with by applying the solvents of both evangelism and legislation; evangelism, of course, standing for religious salvage. From that viewpoint, legislation naturally becomes the means of confirming the results of moral and religious teaching, and the establishment of the rights of the laborer to an equitable share in the general social inheritance. Economic preachments can never settle the issues touching labor. This can be accomplished only through the application of gospel principles to a definite end.

Religion must give attention to labor conditions in general, standing as daysmen betwixt labor and capital, not being maudlin toward the one, nor subservient to the other. The dignity of labor and the stewardship of wealth must each be sponsored



by the faith. The Church as the agent of religion must create the conditions under which legislation can guarantee a balance between labor and capital. The Church must know neither capital nor labor in its ministry. Equality in spiritual status is the guarantee of equity in material relationships.

While meditating these involvements, I chanced to be passing, on a certain evening, along a street of one of the Bay Cities, when my attention was directed to a group of people who were being addressed by a youthful agitator. Upon inquiry, I learned that he was a university student, and that his name was Jack London. The name then suggested no relevancy beyond the youthful face glimpsed but for a moment in the glare from an arc light above. The next day, however, I witnessed the marching out from San Francisco of the agrarian army of General Coxey for its continent wide progress to the nation's capital. A high private in the ranks of this army, as I afterwards learned, was the youthful orator of the previous night. But his presence added no whit to the mental reflex produced by the drab ranks of nondescript volunteers, as they filed past. His was then a name unknown.

Years afterwards, however, when this modern Gracchus had finished his career as a man of letters, and was no more, I occasionally sat on the Berkeley sands, to regard the loins and spars of the *Ares*, an unlaunched replica of the caravel

of Columbus. In this bottom, the author of "The Call of the Wild" had designed to cruise to the uttermost seas of the Antipodes. Death, however, took command of the deck, and the mock caravel was beached forever.

The unique personality of the student propagandist, as seen through after years, the picturesqueness of the agrarian army which he briefly honored with a fame then unborn, and the rotting keel of the ship of his unrealized sea dreams, while not greatly illuminating the human problem of toil and poverty, yet have added to it a challenge of romantic interest.

An obsession of study and inquiry belonging to this period led to a collateral occupation which has maintained its interest throughout my later years. I long had given thought to Bible and classic antiquities; and now turned with enthusiasm to the remains of the aboriginal life of my own country, the incentive coming in with already noticed engagements in geology and paleontology. In very many places in the West, amateurs have gathered private cabinets of aboriginal relics, but invariably, so far as I have been able to ascertain, without bringing them to serve any theory of origin or ethnological use. I resolved to work to this end, and found opportunity to investigate the tokens of an ancient Amerind civilization along our Western littorals and valleys and in the cloudlands of Mexico.

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To lay a basis for intelligent procedure, I visited cliff dwellings and noted prehistoric constructions in the Gila and Salt River valleys, as also the ruins of Toltec and Aztec constructions in the Valley of Anahuac. Particular attention was given to the ruins of Teotihuacan, the sacred city of the Toltecs, with its citadel, aqueducts, colonnaded houses, stadia and truncated pyramids, the last only second in height to those of Egypt. The results of these surveys were the gathering of a museum of *legitimos* which, through the space of a quarter of a century, became occasion of unfailing interest to my own thoughts and to the history classes of not a few schools of grade.

I once was tempted to devote all my leisure to a study of Amerind origins; but providence led me to substitute the wider and more profitable field of Bible archæology. However, in the engagements of forty years ago I carried my labors with the Amerind remains to the point of several conclusions, which were passed through the press of the day, and developed in lecture engagements. Some of these, as I have the satisfaction to learn, have been verified by later investigators. These particularly refer to the trans-Pacific migrations of the Mongolian progenitors of the Toltecs, Aztecs and other tribes of the American Indians.

The always important result, to me, of these inarticulate studies was the clearly derived proof of the unity of the human race, and the antiquity

of its investment in the unseen. That some of the Amerind ruins may be older than Babylon, as some have held; but which is a guess not half so important as the fact that I found at Teotihuacan an *Astarte* figure the exact duplicate of one later dug up at Shechem; that, in the pantheon of gloomy Aztec gods, there is evidence of a very ancient belief in the unity of the Deity; and that in the National Museum in the City of Mexico there is a figure in black diorite, a head, as delicately carved as is that of the Venus de Milo, or that of Apollo of the Belvidere. The identification of this figure of Astarte, through a trans-Pacific migration, with some very ancient art center in Asia Minor, or other Mediterranean lands, long has seemed to me to be a matter beyond dispute. That echoes of Egypt are in the *legitimos* which I gathered is a conclusion equally long ago matured. The world has had a yesterday to which the overconfident modernist has given too little thought. Moreover, this yesterday of the world, elemental, childish and sadly crude as was its faith, had in it more of God than many modernists are willing to allow in their own philosophy, or even in their theology.

Chronologically considered, there comes in properly at this point the account of a surprising and romantic event such as might not happen again in America during all its history. King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands became the

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guest of the city of San Francisco, during what was meant to be the first stage of his journey to the national capital; but the chill winds of the California coast struck him down with pulmonary pneumonia and he died, suddenly, after a brief illness. Almost at the moment of his expiring I was passing along the crowded streets in front of the once famous hostelry, the Palace Hotel, where the royal guest was lodged, when I heard what should have been a solemn and sonorous Maori voice acclaim: "The king is dead!"

Soon the street was filled with a surging, crushing mob, moved equally, it may be, of curiosity and sympathy. Quite vividly the incident suggested a scene in many an old world capital, when the air is rent with the familiar cry: "The king is dead! Long live the king!" Only there was here no invocation of grace for a succeeding monarch. It was the beginning of the end of the rule of the petty kings of the Pacific high seas.

Two days later the pall of the dead king was placed upon the deck of the cruiser *Charleston*, the pride of the navy in Western waters, to be borne to his native isle. At the hour of sunset, with drooping flag, and amid an incessant boom of cannon from the ports of the Bay, the great ship drifted into the mists of the Farallones, and over the rim of the world. As it disappeared from sight, a group of Maoris, fringing the shore, lifted up wailing voices and cried:



“ Aloha, Kalakaua! ”

And now came my first farewell to California! I was shuttling back toward the eastern seaboard. Already I have referred to the fact of my having been called to the official leadership of the Epworth League. This occurred after four additional years spent in the pastorate, chiefly in the capital of Mississippi, where, twenty years before, I had entered the itinerant ministry.

Disagreeable and repelling as the memory of it is, I must not omit the recital of a story which finds its proper entry here. Upon the public square of a southwestern city in which I served as pastor, a Negro, justly charged, as all the evidence conspired to show, with an unspeakable crime against white womanhood, was burned in the presence of a mob of five thousand consenting people. While duly appraising the enormity of the crime, committed but a few hours before, conscience compelled me to lift my voice against the lawlessness and savagery of the mob. The courts, as I pointed out, were open for dealing with the criminal, and the public sentiment of the city, which was of unusual intelligence and civic dignity, could have been appealed to in support of law and judgment. But passion and madness surged forth; and a minority usurped the judgment of the many. This was more than a third of a century ago, and marked the height of the period

of mob violence which, here and there, brought redness and horror to the land.

Not without meeting threats, and being exposed to some personal peril, I denounced, both from the pulpit and through the public press, this brutalizing subversion of law. In this, I was aided by a memory which went back to the days of my tender boyhood and while the institution of slavery was in the throes of its dying. A young Negro slave, who belonged to my father's brother, had committed a crime similar to the one herein referred to. The infuriated populace arose, and, in the most horrible manner, burned him at the stake. That was seventy years ago; and I am led, after due inquiry, to believe that it was the first, or at least all but the first, in the long list of these human holocausts. Although but six years of age, I felt, in my measure, the horror and shame of inhuman lawlessness. Moreover, in the early coming years of youth, I resolved to set my face amongst a multitude of compeers against this savagery. To this end I have steadfastly stood. In both the cases mentioned, I had opportunity to notice the brutalizing effects had upon individuals and groups, and that through long years, of those who participated in, and abetted, these acts of barbarism. One of the comforting reflections of my old age is that this upas is being uprooted from the soil of my native land.

## X

### THE CRUX OF EDUCATION

I WAS now happily settled in the chief official leadership of the youthful hosts of the Church; but it was not a settlement of rest. All but instantly the life of the Church was precipitated into a turbulency of contention concerning Vanderbilt University, the denomination's institution of higher learning, and it was long before matters came to a counterpoise, and left me and my protagonists in a state of quiet-mindedness; which result was, indeed, of the ministry and composition of time, rather than of adjustments.

But I am not meaning here to enter into the details of this case; that I long ago did in writings which have gone into denominational history. I am reverting to it because it is a personal memory and because of the effect which my advocacy of the Church's claim had upon my ministerial fortunes; and because it has influenced my thinking in important directions. The Church, as incorporator and owner of the university, and the fiduciary agents, or trustees of the same, assumed radically different positions as to whose was the right of control. The issue became one of general

interest and finally was brought to legal test. In a judicial decision the Church lost its contention, and the institution became typically secular. It was a case of unnatural selection under civil law, and of survival of the wittiest.

This was not the first case of the secularization of a church created and owned institution of learning in America. Either through legal process, or fiduciary finesse, not a few Church educational foundations have been alienated and devoted to ideals other than those to which they were dedicated by their founders. Indeed, a malign providence has followed the efforts of the denominations to establish schools to serve the ends of denominational education. In many cases, where trust clauses have been made sufficiently strong to stand against civil mandate, faculties have been so selected and curricula so adapted, as to veto denominational authority and ideal. Indeed, the present day theological distress, with its ramifications into education in general, is chiefly due to these departures of seminary and university boards. The liberalization of education is well-nigh complete throughout Protestantism; and it is difficult to see how, without a revolution of major proportions, the situation is to be changed.

With other representatives of the Church, I sought to stem the tide, augmented from within, which had set toward dispossession of the Church. In the end, I had left me only self-respect, a sense

of duty done, wretchedly shattered nerves, and an unfriendly balance of power in the highest legislative and electoral body of the Church. Obscure or studiously uncommitted men entered, through grace of the balance of power, into places of preferment; and so the righteousness of the Church's claim went by default. Under these circumstances, I asked to be relieved of official editorial duty; but, considering the attitude of "the left wing" of the body, this might have been tendered me as a gratuity. But, thanks to those benign stars that have led me always, I had courage then, as I have ever had, to stand in the name of duty, without regard for consequences. The stars were never truer than in this exigency.

The legal alienation of the university having become *a fact accomplished*, I determined to turn the situation to a personal use in enlarging and strengthening my judgment and convictions concerning what is generally denominated Christian education; as also to assess the values (or lack of values) of what, in this connection, is called ministerial education, both vitally involved in the contentions above adverted to.

The Church's objective in establishing this university was to realize two ends of culture, namely, that of training, within the purview of its own faith and teachings, a ministry for its pulpits; and of educating, in the higher branches, and according to its own ethical and religious standards, the



sons and daughters of its members. The resulting legal situation led me to ask the twofold question: "What is Christian education?" and "What is ministerial training?" A study of the aftermath of this now historic litigation will be the answer.

Christian education can mean nothing more, nor less, than mental training under the immediate eye and hand of Christian influence and authority. The difference between Christian education, thus defined, and so-called secular education is that of the atmosphere in which student training is carried on. Temperature equals vitality. Incandescence is necessary to molding.

In a cosmetic factory, I noted that the temperature in the combining room stood abnormally high. This, as was explained, was necessary in order to secure a perfect blending of the constituent elements of the articles to be manufactured. The illustration is easy of application. Religion and intellect combine healthily only in a spiritual atmosphere. Curricula and literary standards are the same in religious and secular schools. Science, literature and philosophy are not qualified or altered by creeds; but reverence and awakened spiritual consciousness alone can cause these to combine with faith, to the ends of true Christian education. Failure to maintain these combining conditions has brought an evident and distressed situation in the higher, as also in the popular, education of the age.

In what particular the Church, for its own part, may have failed in compassing the objective set for its schools is not now the question. The Church has failed, too often and too responsibly; but, chiefly, because its scholastic policy, at bottom, has been secular in spirit. Commercialism, even when it seems an economic necessity, is fatal to the higher spiritualities.

Primarily, it is the prerogative of the Church to educate; that is so of divine right and of logic; but, since the Church has been unable or unwilling fully to assume the task, secular agencies, chiefly the State, have had to do so instead. This is the rationale of secular education. It is praiseworthy, in view of the Church's breach of action. The public school system is the salvage of our civilization, but splendid as it is, it is far from ideal; it has in it the elements of menace.

The non-spiritual education of the age describes a stage of arrested development in civilization. For true culture, which should be the end of education, there is but one medium of visibility—the spiritual. True education is always religious; true religion is always educative. Education (*educare*, to draw out, to lead forth) is set to find the soul, and hale it forth into enduring light. Degrees of spiritual vision in education may come through plan, fortuity or providence. From the two latter, secular education is not to be excluded; while, as regards the first, church education, as too often

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conducted, is only less inept than is secular training. Let the Church take its measure of blame.

Ideal ministerial training cannot be conducted on the basis of secular education; and yet the minister must be educated, first, as a man and then as a minister. Perhaps a monumental blunder has happened at this point. The minister must be a man, in consciousness, in form of thought, in sympathy of relationships, and in the ethics of behavior. If the choice had to be between merely technical theology and academic training, the latter should obtain; but, most certainly, in an atmosphere of spirituality. What is true of the basic academic training for the minister, should be true of that provided for the lay student. Priesthood inheres in manhood. The toga and the ephod were indistinguishable under the old theocracy.

That much of the theological training in church seminaries is on the basis of the work done in secular colleges, seems to be beyond dispute. It is not that this is wrong; but that it is vapidly insufficient. Too truly, it is bricks of straw where it should be blocks of adamant. If the atmosphere of the school of religions were exchanged for that of the school of medicine, engineering or physics, the result would be the same, in the large. But who will say that the doctor, the engineer and the physicist do not need religious protection in their study days, just as the theologian needs it? Life is a *charisma*; its tasks, in every sphere, are

equally divine. This may be a doctrine too ethereal for our present age; but so also, as it appears, is that of a normal education under spiritual testimony and direction.

The churches which have lost spiritual control of their great institutions of learning have to blame only their own policy. These institutions are as though they had described the course of natural selection and survival, similar to that of the legally alienated ones. The result, in the end, has been the same. Too often, the Church has done for itself what it has feared at the hands of an in-subordinate fiduciary agency.

In the training of its ministry, the Church has not insisted, as it should have done, upon the elemental protection of its doctrines and the maintenance of apostolic experience; as, equally, it has failed to emphasize its ideals of lay academic education. But who constitutes the Church? And where should blame be laid? That integration which we call the Church, the administration of the assembly, is no stronger nor more loyal than the personalities of those who bear its trusts. In that fact history has been written for the denominations; and often with a sinister pen.

An early compensation came to the Church, following the loss of its chief institution of learning, in the creation of two university foundations, each quite as advantageous as the one lost. I shall ever count it a return in measure for my own contribu-

tion to this lost contention that I was permitted to share in the planning for the two new foundations. This satisfaction was made full, when, some years later, Duke University came into existence with the largest financial holdings of any educational institution in the history of the world. The God of history is the God of compensations.

As the Church's General Superintendent in the field in which the forfeited university is located, I found it agreeable to my own views, and consistent with the honor of the Church, to act on a basis of good will toward its administration. I have coöperated with the faculty of its School of Religion. My reason for this has been, first, I owe it to myself to cultivate broad mindedness within the limits of loyalty to truth; and, second, the school is on a level of rating with other secular institutions of high class in the land. It may not be out of place to enter here a reflection. My younger compeers may care for it. Zeal for righteousness and truth equally involves tolerance and justice toward opposing contentions. The intolerant man is a doubtful friend of truth; and may become a dangerous ally of justice. After the smoke of battle has cleared away, whether the issue has closed in victory or defeat the true hearted contestant will not regret having been humane and chivalrous to his foes. Narrowness and intolerance remain as evils in controversy.



## XI

### A MOUNTAIN-TOP TEMPTATION

**A**FTER an experience of sixteen years in church journalism, I was again in the pastorate, much profited, but none the less admonished, by this detached service. Because of shaken nerves, I coveted, as in earlier years, the life of the out-of-doors. The care of a great congregation in the capital city of Georgia finally furnished this opportunity. Activities in the roofless world, visiting from house to house, through crowded avenues and quiet lanes, brought physical restoration, and a heightened spiritual visibility. Full breathing and free personality go together. In the past, the itinerancy has made intellect by first making full respiring bodies. A distinct objective lured me back to the pastorate. In official service and travel, I had achieved a self-commitment which I longed to translate into speech and ministry. I yearned to show myself a brother of men, and a servant of the Master of men; to acclaim with a new emphasis the doctrines of the Crucified; to call men to repentance and to point the way to their sanctification. In an earlier commitment, I had read the apostolic

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anathema: "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel," putting the emphasis on *preaching*; but now I put the emphasis on preaching *the Gospel*. There is a wide difference between preaching, in the too generally accepted sense, and preaching the Gospel. Its results are the difference between religious lapsarianism and the pentecost; between paganized society and Christianized civilization.

In this new interpretation, I found joy. Grateful for the opportunity to fill up the lacks of former years I began, at once, on extensive lines both of teaching and service. I restated with a new passion the old appeal; I climbed to the tops of sky-scrapers, hunting men at their desks; through factories; into tenement houses; into the homes of the rich and the poor, with a message and a prayer. Multitudes were added to the Church; some who were being saved; some who ran well for a time; some who ran not at all. It was however the parable of the seed sowing repeated.

Behind me lay, as I now supposed, every possible churchly contest. The future invited to quiet labors and dedicated leisure. How ineffectively I had forecast destiny was shortly to be shown me. Out of sight, the arena was being freshly sanded for encounter. I was marked as one about to salute Cæsar. Hitherto, my contests had been upon intellectual and emotional levels; and not in carnal wrestlings. Now I was to grip with spiritual

wickedness in high places. The uninvited issue offered no alternative of conscience. It was to be or not to be. There comes a time when one must choose to live. I chose to live.

At the time of which I write, a manifestation of the drink evil appeared in many American cities in a type of so-called locker clubs, organized ostensibly for social ends, but inevitably becoming depositories for stores of liquor, under private claim, but dispensed in utter disregard of statute, or standards of righteousness. Such clubs, not seldom sponsored by church officials, became centers of saturnalian excesses. Their existence, neither then nor now, could be thought of without amazement. A suspicion, soul disturbing, crept upon me in my new pastorate. Whispers, then open allegations, then defiant admissions, culminated in a crisis. In the office of the local Federal District Revenue Collector, I found a record to the effect that a score, and more, of the officials of the congregation which had been committed to me had undertaken to supply the chief drink demand of the city's Four Hundred, and had taken out license to dispense the same in a gilded many-chambered establishment, in opprobrious relation to the sanctuary itself.

I was torn by conflicting emotions of conscience and duty, on the one hand; and, on the other, by doubts as to the wisdom of the only course which seemed to lay open. Gales of prosperity had swept

my brow for a time. I was toasted, praised and half idolized, as the wistful moons told out the seasons of my first year of incumbency in High Steeple Church. My wants, not to say my whims, were anticipated. My officials lifted me out of a quiet manse in a suburban lane, and placed me in a mansard on a residential avenue of the city. I had my habitation with the mighty. There, also, I had my problem.

A seductive light discovered to me my feet as standing upon a mountain top. A voice also was saying: "If thou wilt fall down . . . all shall be thine." A kingdom of adulation, a reign of social preferment, glimmered through the tempter's words. The cosmos was lifted toward me on a silver platter. Mephisto was traditionally fluent; but the séance was brief.

"I decline the offer," I said, addressing the Presence curtly, and with as effective words as I could fashion; "and I refer you to one Dr. Faustus, and also to a very ancient householder of the name of Job. You have had some acquaintance with each of these. Also, you know *my* address."

"Adieu, Herr Preacher," retorted the Shade; "pressing matters call me elsewhere; no time to waste."

Exit the Prince of Trimmers; and again I was alone, and on terra cotta, facing my modernistic problem. Many a man who beats the devil in argument fails to beat him in action. Of a long

time I had been admonished. Confessedly, I was nervous. However, that fact has remained, until now, a secret beyond my own shadow.

Resolving to follow, in the difficult task before me, a policy of conciliation and kindly persuasion, I read myself a homily on prudence; and then, in formal session, submitted to my officials a record of facts, as also an appeal to the law of the land, of the Church and of God. Concluding, I begged that the body of Christ be purged of the scandal which had been brought upon it; but the interview closed with ominous inaction. However, there were not wanting at the sitting men of mold and faith, who sympathized with their pastor; there were never truer; but the tradition of a specious personal liberty, and the prestige of established leadership, made their support of little avail. I foresaw the inevitable—a contest like that which occurred at the foot of Mount Carmel three thousand years ago, when the hairy prophet, Elijah, flung himself upon the buckler of Ahab, and defied the cup-bearers of Jezreel. I took personal assessment, and found that I carried a possibility of endurance beyond that of the Tishbite; as, with him, I also had the Ten Commandments and the pledge of grace, in excess. But I fear I lacked in important elements of Elijah's faith. However, I was committed to my message.

All but the next day following a nuncio approached me and said:



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"Doctor, doesn't our church law make it the duty of official members to tell the pastor of any wrong conduct into which he may seem to fall? "

"That," I replied, "is quite the case; as, also, it is the pastor's duty to hear. Have you somewhat in that line to say? "

"I have somewhat," was returned; "and it is this: Our pastor has offended concerning the social ideals of the best members of his congregation, in censoring their morals, and calling in question their religious integrity in drinking wine and other beverages in their own homes, and in their social clubs, as also in keeping in their private lockers stocks of liquors to that end."

"Is that your complaint? " I asked; "and, in pursuance of it, do you invoke against your pastor the Church's discipline? "

"That is my complaint; but under it I only cite the rule of the Church, and I trust you may see the matter as I do," was the resolute reply.

"To this let me answer," I rejoined, "that I was sent here of the general Church's authority to keep a school of conscience and Christian uprightness, and not to be taught a new doctrine in matters of elemental morality."

"You, then, must suffer the consequences of indiscretion," came the naked asseveration; "your officials recognize your authority; but they will not support your policy."

"I will not quail," I said, "nor seek to shun

the consequences of standing for right and for God. A soldier who loves his carcass better than he loves his cause, is no patriot. You can do nothing with a man who has made up his mind to die. I am ready even to die, should duty demand it."

The curtain fell suddenly upon this dialogue and I was left alone, distraught and burdened; but nevertheless resolved to walk as duty led. I waited to see into what way that leading might bring.

A clerical associate, my junior by a dozen years, felt constrained to pay me a visit. I gravely suspected that his coming had been inspired.

"You have created a great stir in your congregation," he went on to inform me, "and the excitement has extended to every religious and social circle of the city. As you may know, there are twenty odd other clubs here besides the one you have attacked, though none so prominent. Very many members of other churches are in these clubs."

"I have become sadly aware of that fact," I replied; "but what is your point?"

"It is this. You have agitated the church life of the whole city. It is hurting us all."

"What of that?" I quickly returned, and felt the impatience of what I said. "I have denounced a palpable sin, and that in high places. Did not Elijah, John the Baptist, St. Paul, and our Lord, Himself, do the same? I should stultify myself

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as a citizen, not to say a minister, if I remained silent."

"But, doctor, you are a newcomer here," persisted my would-be adviser.

"So far as my duty goes," I said, rising up, "it is as though I had been here a thousand years. You and others have suffered the very streets to rot under your feet. This evil, festering at the heart of religious organization, must be eradicated before healthy spiritual living can come to our churches. There are in this city multitudes of temperate, holy people; but their testimony is stifled by the example of those other churchmen who promote private bacchanals and violate the license laws in their clubs. There are enough Christian people in this city to take it for Christ, if they were freed for the task; but there is a liquor jug and a wedge of gold under the tent of Achan, and therefore Israel is defeated."

"But anyhow, doctor," was the conjunctional reply, "had I been you, I would not have done what you have done."

"Doubtless," I returned, with deep feeling; "had I been *you*, I should not have done it; and I advise you not to try it. It would be quite impossible to you."

"But I wish you to understand," he resumed, "that I am opposed to these illicit clubs, and to drink in any form; but it is my belief that we should not enter politically into this matter, nor

offend by preaching against specific cases. I believe in making it known that the law of the Church is against intemperance and license, and leaving our members to answer to their own consciences."

"This policy already has damned the outside world, and would leave the influence of the Church, in matters moral, as impotent as a Dervish dance," I answered, with what I felt was righteous resentment.

"Well ——! " was the ending ejaculation; and this interview was also at an end.

At this juncture, I resolved to do some advising on my own account. In an office building, near the center of the city, was a particularly offending whisky club. The owner was a member of the church in high standing. He admitted me into his office with marked courtesy. Seating myself, I said tenderly:

"Brother, I have come to point out a way in which you can render lasting service to your generation, your Church, and your Master."

"In what way?" he asked laconically.

"In this way," I replied; "the Church and the social life of this city are being cursed by a score or more of lawless drinking clubs. An example is the one being maintained in your building; but, nevertheless, as I am assured, without your participation. Its promoters are only your tenants. However, young men and young women, as I have proof, are there being led into habits of inebriety,

if not worse. It is your duty to abate it, by cancelling the lease under which it is operated. By so doing, you will start a movement which will eradicate a moral plague that has fallen upon us."

"You are utterly wrong," he strongly objected. "This is not your business; and you are the first minister ever to speak to me concerning it."

"But," I interrupted, "God has sent me to you, as Nathan was sent to David; and my message is, as was his: 'Thou art the man!'"

Instantly, his mood and manner changed, and he replied: "It is impossible; I have been tied up by agents; leases have been made and cannot be annulled."

"Neither lease nor indemnity should stand between you and your duty to your God and your Church," I pressed in rejoinder.

"But it cannot be done," he ended sadly.

"Then," I answered decisively, "you are in danger of missing the Kingdom of God."

"That I believe," he despairingly returned. "Once I was a happy Christian; but now it is otherwise with me; and should I die to-day, I am a lost man."

In the fierce light of God's judgment, men choose both their way and their destiny. The broad way lies open. A multitude jostles and pushes into it. The narrow way is the way of self-denial and crucifixion.

The war was on. A controlling section of my



church officials met apart, and addressed to me a letter which I could not otherwise interpret than as an order to desist from further opposition to their drink program. This letter was sought to be placed officially in my hands. I declined to receive it, saying to the bearer:

"This Board is not my employer. It was called into corporate existence through a prerogative given me by the general Church, to be my adviser, and to channel my pastoral administration, and not to prescribe the lines of my ministry; much less to interpret to me the fundamentals of the moral law."

The next day a manifesto blazed across the front pages of the city papers, to the effect that the officials of First Church had padlocked the mouth of their pastor, and that he was now expected to preserve a becoming silence. I ascertained that this publication was claimed to be official. It, however, was couched in the usual reportorial diction. For a moment, I was frozen; then on fire. A conflagration broke within. Michael, the commandant of the celestial guards, once, when in contest with a disputatious opponent, refrained from bringing against him a railing accusation; but, nevertheless, overflowed with indignation. I straightway, on this occasion, informed the press that the padlock had not yet been invented that could close my mouth; that I had just purchased a dictionary which defined two hundred

and fifty thousand usable English words, and that I would draw upon it as conscience and duty required. I also promised my offending brethren, and the public, as well, that I would deliver the liquor clubs of their city to the uttermost of the law's judgment.

Time passed, and what with patience, preaching and tears, the tokens of victory did not fully appear. However, I was not without a strong following. Ninety per cent of the congregation appeared to give sympathy and support. Men of church rank and business standing manifested loyalty. Nevertheless, the battle was like that of Joshua in the Valley of Ajalon; it hung in the balance. A miracle must emerge.

A miracle did emerge. An opportunity offered, and I permitted myself to be elected to the head of the law enforcement organization of the State. Then came the crux. The sun stood still, and the moon went not down for a space of time.

"When in doubt," said Napoleon, "order an advance." I ordered myself to advance.

Through the courts, I procured to have the statutes invoked against all felonious liquor licenses issued in the city. On a certain Monday morning, I met a contingent of my church officials at the door of the Grand Jury room. I addressed the "lambs" in the speech of a shepherd; but the response was not one of docility. I read the tokens of a day. It became a saying in certain church

quarters that the pastor of First Church preached the Gospel to his officials on Sunday, and had them indicted on Monday. The leaven, or maybe the acid, began to work. Some deserted the clubs, and returned to spiritual fealty. Others were officially removed. The foundations of the palaces of drink were tottering. Then the miracle was wrought. A highly paid attorney of the liquor power was converted during one of my pastoral visitations (certainly converted from liquor allegiance, if not otherwise); and his talents and time were at once offered to the cause of righteousness, which so long had known only his opposition.

I had been constantly in council with the Governor of the State, who was a personal friend and parishioner, with a view to having him convene the Commonwealth Assembly, to the end of abolishing every form of license and beverage privilege permitted by statute. The condition set by the Governor for this call was that a written request for such a sitting be obtained from a majority of the members of the Assembly. This was no small task; but the ex-liquor attorney took it in hand. After keeping the postal service and the telegraph and telephone lines busy for a fortnight, or more, the end was achieved.

With the legislature once assembled, this man, in a brilliant onset, secured the passage of an act which swept from the statute books of the State every vestige of license and privileges, dumping

the locker clubs into a heap with the brothels and beer dives, and paving the way for the nation's moral triumph in the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, which being dead yet speaketh in the expectation of a better resurrection. This man, who is nameless here, and who, no long while ago, went to his reward, and is thus beyond the reach of either praise or blame, is entitled to be remembered when the final history of America's temperance reform comes to be written. It was he who took the draft of the Amendment, while pending in uncertain favor, and carried it from office to office in "Senate Row," at Washington, securing committals to its passage, and thus making its final adoption certain. I am sponsor for the truth of this record.

Coincident with the legislative episode recited above, a new climax had come in my affairs. After five years of uninterrupted pastoral work, admixed of joys and tumults, I was called to the chief editorial post of the Church; and the day for entering upon the duties of the same had been fixed. Previous to this, I had informed my official brethren that I would not leave the city until I had seen an end of liquor clubs, in the official signing of the legislative bill hereinbefore accounted for. This was fixed for a given Monday morning. An hour before the time, the Governor informed me that the bill had not been engrossed, and, therefore, could not come that day into his hands. This

resulted in delaying my departure until the following day. On that, to me, ever memorable Tuesday, in the Executive Mansion, I saw his excellency, my friend, affix his signature and seal to the most remarkable "bone dry" law that, up to that time, had been enacted in America. And thus, the curtain fell upon a most turbulent and dramatic scene in my life.

I have presented in the foregoing paragraphs the details of this most militant passage in my ministry, not through any motive of malevolence, or any spirit of reprisal; but only for the possible help and illumination it may bring to those men in the pastorate and pulpit of a coming generation, who must fight the rear end action of the last great moral battle in America. The warfare for righteousness is only well under way. And still there are many adversaries.



## XII

### ENFORCED LEADERSHIP

**A**S doctrinal church editor, the field of criticism and archæology opened to me afresh. Through correspondence and, later, through personal contact, I formed acquaintanceship with a group of world scholars in the schools and universities of Europe, chiefly in Germany, who assisted me in creating a conservative critical objective in America. Finally, this fellowship led me to practical explorations in the ancient Orient. In another connection, I will refer more particularly to this latter activity, and to the increment derived from the same; as also to the results of the labors of those great scholars, in whose enterprises I have been privileged modestly to share.

During these years I also found leisure in which to fill up the outlines of earlier conclusions concerning Bible criticism, both historical and textual. Always reckoning myself to be but a student, I, nevertheless, oftentimes have been forced to assume responsibility and leadership; and thus have distrained upon early investments. It has been a wilderness evangel in preparation for other conservative lights, who shall bring a true illumina-

tion to the troubled estate of so large a section of our theological teachers and students.

The World War, moving to its climax, not only drew into its vortex every important nation of the earth; but epitomized as its objective the peace aspirations of all history. With the war's close, these aspirations were found to be incarnate in the idealism of one man, Woodrow Wilson. Those of this generation who live to hoary age well may feel pride in telling of their own and of the world's elation when first was heard the motto: "The world must be made safe for democracy." The name of Woodrow Wilson will remain, a perpetual symbol of this motto. But this idealism became further a providence.

Not only the fortunes of democracy were involved in the aftermaths of war; but the mandacies established, as a result, particularly enhanced the interests of Bible science and opened to easy and safe exploration those countries of the ancient Orient which hold the chief centers and secrets of Bible antiquity. A surge of exploring armies of scientists and students into this field marked the early establishment of peace. Perhaps as much as the champions of democracy will the devotees of archæology have cause to bless the shade of Woodrow Wilson.

I have known personally only a few of the Presidents; but fortune decreed that I should have a touch of intimacy with Woodrow Wilson. This

began when, in the capital of Tennessee, I had preached to a Presbyterian congregation, when a tall man of most impressive presence came forward to greet me. This was the then Governor of New Jersey, destined to become the War President of the United States. The fame of Wilson could derive no increment from the praise of these pages. I write these words because a reference to the World War recalls his memory. The time awaits when will be fulfilled the judgment of a foreign war correspondent, expressed at the opening of the conference of Versailles: "Future history will give to the name and deeds of Woodrow Wilson pages where it will give but paragraphs to the greatest of his contemporaries."

The World War meant more than the changes and readjustments which it brought to the governments of continental Europe and to the Near and Far East. In the final covering of these changes, and especially in the failure to relate America to the League of Nations, the Wilsonian ideals suffered arrest, not to say defeat. Nevertheless, there were left behind forces that wrought on, and will work continually on, to ends overt and triumphant. When the fevers of partisan rancor are assuaged, and when personality triumphs, these forces will be seen to equal the passions and hopes of the race.

It must be taken into account that this war made a new world; not only were new conditions created,

but consciousness was reborn, and a new prophecy was written; and although what, a little while ago, seemed possible in the way of human accord, has been defeated, it is only for a time. Folded in the years of the future is all that the aftermath of that tragic strife betokened; its bursting into life and form is as certainly decreed as time itself. Only inherited materialism and the lust for partisan power can keep from humanity its heritage of peace and unity.

The recognition and emancipation of raciality, the achievement of nationality, where nationality represents traditional justice, and, above all, the guarantee of world brotherhood, have at least come as a pledge out of world strife. Raciality, nationality, brotherhood, peace are the four angels set at the four corners of the earth to pledge the incoming of the millennium of good will.

I now approach, in the order of the years, that which, as I know, some have esteemed the climax of ecclesiastical fortune, namely, accession to the episcopal office; but to me it seems only incidental to that which should have gone before, as also to that which should come thereafter. But be it less, or be it more, *bishop* only spells brother, and that should be the sum of it all. The miter is a seal for service and sacrifice; and the cassock, or its equivalent (a gentleman's frock, or cutaway, as you please), is an investiture for patience, tenderness, and enveloping charity. The office should

mean only more courage for the incumbent, more unselfishness in administration, and more loyalty to the Word. Seen in this light, the office is "a good work."

I was made a bishop in the Church. This responsibility I neither sought nor felt myself free to decline; but carried a trembling body and a humbled spirit into the whitest light that beats upon the path of a churchman. But herein also my natal stars became binary in inward illumination. It is only where self is delivered whole that service becomes real. It is selfishness, and not self, that is to be destroyed. Self is to be saved alive forever. In this doctrine I abide.

Fortune and official assignment settled me again in the far West. A diocese, territorially described as lying west of the Rocky Mountains, and stretching from the Canadian border to the boundaries of Mexico, a true world parish, claimed laborious attention. The exploitations of eight years in that field will remain my spiritual romance to the end.

The care of all the churches, the visiting and oversight of assemblies; the building, enlarging and rehabilitation of houses of worship, small and great; the opportunity of preaching the Crucified in proud new cities, in mining camps, to ranchers and to dwellers in the mountains, are memories that cheer me as I move toward the closing scenes of life.



As I retrospect these labors, the field opened to the Church in the infant commonwealth of Arizona fills the outlines of a true gospel story. In a previous chapter, I have, in passing, referred to an early interest in the prehistoric Amerind civilization of this one time "arid zone." In those years, my thoughts of this region ran to the remains of cliff dwellings, traces of concrete irrigation troughs, constructed through desert sands by prehistoric occupants; to the wasting walls of *casas grandes* (great houses), and to aboriginal picture writings on mountain cliffs. Now, after twenty years, the desert largely had been reclaimed and made to blossom as the rose. Extensive irrigation enterprises, involving the tillage of millions of acres amongst the most fertile of the earth, had been brought to completion, and others were in process. Particularly in the Salt and Verde River Valleys, and prospectively in the Gila basin, tracts equal to the entire land surface of either of several of the smaller States of the Union were being prepared for the last stage of world civilization. Beautiful new cities, countless villages, towns and countryside, invited the coming of the evangelist and the missionary. With all too insufficient funds, but with loyal fellow workers, the task of planting churches in this field was begun. The old Gospel was preached and old gospel methods were applied. At the end of seven years, the membership of the Church had been trebled, while its property hold-

ings had grown many hundredfold. Representative church buildings were erected, a hospital was founded, and the "District" was erected into an autonomous Annual Conference. The hope abides with me that the Church in Arizona, having been planted in the orthodox faith of our fathers, watered and nourished with the tears and prayers of holy men, will remain a leaven in the life of the larger Church spread across the Continent.

In this field of the West, I was brought again into sympathy with an historic interest of former years. Western America not only holds the archæological secrets of the ancient Amerind races; but it was also the scene of the earliest planting of the Cross in those zones now so strongly held by evangelical Protestantism. Beginning near the end of the eighteenth century, the Franciscan Friars built a line of mission churches along a vast reach of the California Coast. These constructions were of enduring materials, and some of them of imposing architectural types. The greater number remain to the present, a heritage of near antiquity, left to the youngest section of world civilization.

Both an affection for things venerable and a catholic tolerance drew me to an early study of these monuments of religious zeal. Without exception, I visited the site of each of these ruined shrines, and at each lifted a prayer of thanksgiving in the name of the universal fellowship of believers. Both in Europe and America, I have noticed

that ancient church ruins seem to speak in protest against hierarchy and intolerance. Their challenge is to the future, rather than to the past or the present.

Padre Junipero Serra was the Saint Francis d'Assisi of this missionary enterprise, which not only contemplated the evangelization of the California aborigines; but also looked to political conquest and settlement. Faith and empire went hand in hand. The stigmata did not mark the hands or the feet of Serra, as was alleged of his prototype of Assisi; but his soul carried the wounds, as also it breathed the joy, of the Christ in crucifying labors. I made no excuse to my Protestant confession, when, loitering under the arches of Carmelo, or haunting the precincts of San Carlos Rey, I forgot the Inquisition, Saint Bartholomew's Eve, the Council of Trent and the Diet of Worms. The reconciliation of Christendom can come only through charity and a return to apostolic candor and simplicity.

Apocalyptic are the seas that wash into the bays and rocky inlets of Monterey and Carmelo; blue the skies above, and blue the waters spread below. Musing there, I had a vision of the times to be, when beside these shores shall be covered the last stage of the Church's advance, into the eternity of a new heaven and a new earth.

I believe in the holy catholic Church; not Latin, not Greek, not Anglican, not American; but *truly*

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catholic, united, universal and conquering alone through the blood of the Crucified! Even so!

Though in tradition, in the letter, and even in spirit essentials, separated from the viewpoint of those devoted men who had preceded me in that land of the old and the new, I could not regard myself otherwise than as debtor to their labors. If Protestantism should adopt what was the spirit of these Franciscan Friars, the evangelization of the world in one generation would cease to be a speculation. Christian heroism is a universal heritage; and its inspirations and lessons are universal. This is Protestantism, as it is Catholicism, made alive.

### XIII

#### WEST TO EAST

ONE who has the care of souls in his heart above the cure of souls in his calling often meets with cases of surprising lack of faith and of soul sickness in men and women of unusual intelligence. In applying the Wesleyan motto: "The World is my parish," I have sought to include in my commission the world of contact beyond my pastoral and episcopal assignments. In pursuance of this view, I have preached in Jacob's Well interviews to a multitude of Pullman porters on the Western transits, as also to many a fellow traveler amid the flying wheels. It has seldom happened that audience has been declined.

In the light of a late Sonoma spring day, there came to me, like the bursting of a primrose, a new and suddenly formed acquaintance. A friend presented me to the late Luther Burbank, who invited me to walk through his gardens and forcing plants. I also spent some hours in the "wizard's" library, listening to his conversation on the possibilities of plant development. "Plants," he said, as we sat together examining specimens of transmuted stocks, "are like children of the nursery; you must



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study their moods and bents, if you would lead them into new habits and to new ends of life. There is no mystery or magic in plant transmutation within the limits essayed by our science. Time and patience are the equations. For instance, a white 'blackberry' was produced as the result of selecting each season the palest fruit from successive plantings; a spineless cactus was produced by nourishing, season after season, new seedlings deprived of their 'needles.' It is nature."

At the end of this conversation, I asked of Mr. Burbank a question, meant to develop his attitude toward the highest spiritual truths of the universe. My surprise was great when, in reply, he declared his inability to see beyond the viewpoints of nature; its passive obedience to law, and its response to patient treatment. Beyond the range of mind, he knew and admitted nothing which he was willing to put into terms of confession or belief. The face of heaven was blank and obdurate. After this, I was not surprised to learn, through the press, and only a few days before his death, that Mr. Burbank had sent a message to the American people in which he shut God out of the universe, and more than confirmed the impressions left with me when I was his guest. My offer to him of Christ had no meaning, no challenge.

Mentality of the stamp of Mr. Burbank's always must be a puzzle, viewed either from the point of religious confession or scientific judgment. If "an

undevout astronomer is mad," then an unbelieving naturalist is nothing short of a contradiction. I could not think of Mr. Burbank as a scientist in the strictest definition of the word; but he was a genius, a gardener of surpassing skill. He had coaxed from nature its most interesting secrets; and it is from this viewpoint that his unbelief becomes the more surprising. He who found nature responsive to the leadings of his own mind should himself have been led of the higher Will.

Transition from the field of the Pacific West to a compact and historic see in mid continent described a radical readjustment of my situation, and necessitated a new order of activities. The itinerancy of the Methodist Church has brought to each generation of its ministry a training which has pledged it, not only to evangelism, but also to a ready adaptation in service. The logic of change, and that often between widely separated posts, is also seen in the spirit of tolerance and fellowship characteristic of the members of this organization. Many contacts, with new relationships, beget catholicity of mind.

Much of the insistence of Western life remained to me after return to a conservative habitat. But I have noticed that conservatism, when brought under constraint, becomes aggressive; while taut nerves are controlled under high pressure activity. Up to this writing, the work demanded by my calling has worn perceptibly on neither my strength

nor my fiber. It is inactivity that foils the blood and distracts the brain. One need not consider his surroundings so much as himself after being trained to habits of activity. The general progress of mankind has been along the lines of unconsciously provoked effort. Capillary attraction in the physical body answers to a process in the intellectual body. Every man's objective should be to make himself a working machine.

My entrance upon new official experiences was prefaced by an undertaking which had drawn toward itself the labors and preparations of many years. Already, I have referred to my early investigations in the field of aboriginal American archæology, and to later studies in the archæology of the ancient Orient. Now I was, in the most serious fashion, to apply a measure of my zeal to the practical ends of exploration in Bible lands. Having raised a fund in America, I joined Professor Ernst Sellin of the University of Berlin, who was engaged in the task of uncovering the ruins of ancient Shechem, the most certainly identified of all the residences of the patriarchs, Abraham and Jacob. As the guest and sympathetic associate of Professor Sellin, I was privileged to realize a long and all but passionate dream, that of entering into the heart of the mysteries of Shechem.

These memoirs do not call for a record of the technical details of this excavation. Summaries of them have gone into discussion literature in Ger-

many and America. Here it is desirable to write only of illuminative and inspirational results; and, indeed, only the more important of these can be dealt with. Otherwise, a volume would not suffice.

Not only were the ruins of Belata-Sichem identified as those of the most ancient Amorite capital of the land; but certainly as being the city of the long ago sojourns of the two greatest of the Hebrew family heads. Bare to-day, in the uncovered gate of Shechem, lie the stones over which passed the feet of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph and Joshua. In mute and tragic testimony stand the disentombed foundations of the Palace of Hemor, in which the deflowered daughter of Jacob was held, like another Helen of Troy; and in which her brethren slew her lover, the Prince of Shechem. There, too, like the body of another Lazarus, was caused to rise the fundamentals of the temple of El-berith, the oldest known remains of an original monotheistic shrine existent on the earth. Upon its temenos, or plaza, exposed to view, is the hoary altar, "El-elohe-Israel," erected by Jacob in token of the coming theocracy and its ritual, while over against it, "by the sanctuary of the Lord," is the memorial stone erected by Joshua in memory of the re-enacting of the Mosaic law.

With the miracle of these secrets supporting the pledge of the written Word, my faith stood girded for all future contests in defense of the divine Record.

In the presence of uncovered Shechem, there can be urged no successful objection to the truth of those early recitals upon which the traditional faith is made to rest. With these miracles of finding, I not only came to have touch with the archons of antiquity but grew to the age of Methuselah, while vision widened backward and forward through the millenniums of time.

The temple of El-berith, the archæological *pièce de résistance* at Shechem, must be accepted as the half-way house between Amorite polytheism—a backwash from Babylonian-Sumerian lands—and the spiritual worship of *El* in early postdiluvian times, and in those remotest centuries when “men began to call upon the name of the Lord.” In such contemplations, the devout imagination drinks an exhilaration not known in other lines.

At Shechem much remains to be done; and in that fact my imagination found new impulses and new points of outgoing. Piled against the limestone loins of Mount Gerizim is a line of ruins and heaped up mountain detritus which covers the ancient necropolis of Shechem. Here Abraham bought a sepulcher from Hemor, the father of Shechem, and, during the period of seven years at this Amorite seat, buried his feudal dead; and here, in like manner, during a sojourn of approximately fifteen years, the servants of Jacob laid their dead in the ancestral burying place. Moreover, as is stated in a now well established record, the



bodies of Joseph and his eleven brethren, embalmed in Egypt, were brought over into Shechem and laid in these rock hewn vaults. That they one day may be recovered is my hope; as also it is that of Doctor Sellin, who has made this uncovering the crowning task of his life. The finishing awaits the munificence of some princely giver with an inspired imagination, and who loves his gold less than he loves the honor of the written Word.

As the result of a continent-wide Christian fellowship, as also of a patient study of the opportunity of the Churches of America, I found it easy to espouse the cause of Methodist Unification. The evangelization of our own country and the spiritual conquest of the world, to my view, largely are bound up in the unification of the organizations, resources and testimony of the Wesleyan bodies. The ruined Catholic missions on the Western Coast teach tolerance. Protestant failures, the saddest of all ruins, speak to no purpose, if they do not instruct to the end of a more real union.

This judgment now became a conviction; and, with a multitude of my fellow churchmen, I strove to compass the devoutly wished-for consummation. The effort to realize on conviction failed in the Church's primaries, though only through lack of a concurrent fractional majority. However, the light of unity was enhanced to a stage of heightened visibility; and for its fulness the day of God

will wait. Organized Christendom must fulfill its destiny; not in compromises of faiths; but in exaltation of *the* faith.

Some argue that a complete organic, or even a conventional, unity of Christendom, or of large kindred groups therein, is not possible under existing conditions; and that, given an even approximate unity, disunion immediately would set in, through the freedom of human thinking. That conclusion comes of the assumption that there is no final rest for the religious mind; no center to which it may draw itself in steadfastness. It narrows the future to the deadening measures of the past. It is the essence of religious pessimism.

Of the evangelical communions of America, the Wesleyan bodies represent many millions. If the incidental differences separating them were composed, there would be less difficulty in holding together the resulting body than is now experienced in maintaining the separate branches. Also, the power and testimony of the united parts would be multiplied beyond the aggregates of those now in separation. If four millions of Wesleyans can hold together, as is actually the case with the largest body to-day, why might not ten millions do so? This being answered in the affirmative, then why might not thirty millions of evangelicals unite for the conquest of the world? If this be a dream, then the basis of Christianity itself is but elemental dreaming.

## XIV

### SEVENTY—PLUS

**A**ND now comes the golden jubilee of my ministry. Fifty years! Swifter than a weaver's shuttle pass the seasons appointed to man's stay on the earth. Only as of yesterday seems that first assignment to a cure of souls; and now the golden jubilee of my mission is here! It is made more than golden by my brethren and familiars who, with affectionate hands, draw me to themselves above the selfsame holy ground whereon, half a hundred years before, I stood when entering into the vows of this office. They attend, while I declare the record of "the right hand of the years of the Most High."

But where are those who stood with me in that long ago dedication; the youthful prophets who, like myself, had their years before them? Where are they? And where are the elders of that consistory before whom we stood; the men of reverent form, linking a heroic past with a future then beginning—where are they? Into my face there looks but one of all those whom I then beheld. Where are they? Ascended into the place of seeing and might. In that assembly every one saith,

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“Glory!” It is not time for doubt, or for questioning the eternal fitness. Pass a few years, and also we shall look down, as do they; while, in our places, others shall look up, as we do now. This is the true Apostolic succession. This the generation of the immortals.

But a blessed greeting falls upon my ears. “This, our brother, who has returned from wide wanderings, is with us in pledge to-day. Let us put a ring on his finger; and let us be glad, assured that the fathers are looking in upon us. It is a goodly company, the seen and the unseen. All hail to him, our brother, who has come again to our fellowship! To those above, all hail!”

From the heights of Judæan hills went the Hebrew prophet on his mission to men, to kingdoms and to the uttermost ages. What were the motions of his soul on return, with multiplying tokens of the Messianic coming blazing behind him! It is given men to feel what cannot be put into words. Than this, there is no truer argument for immortality. Somewhere, there is a symbol for every thought; but, better still, somewhere thought shall make itself complete and perfect.

Fifty years, and afterwards! A summit of charismatic reminiscence, a mount of transfiguration! A Hermon height, indeed! But there yet are to be jarring discords and onsets in the world below. Gethsemane, Calvary, may yet lie before.

Threescore and ten are now the years of my

life; and again come friends and familiars to greet the septuagenarian, and to bid him Godspeed to the end. But strangely and happily out of accord with the almanac are sensories, peptic glands, fiber and the joyance of action. Why should the plunge of arterial blood through heart and brain be measured by years? Are there not collusions with destiny; and may not life outwit the cloture of its own law? Comes there not, at last, a race on earth that shall not die? Blessed they whose eyes shall see!

But seventy is serenity! The past breaks backward in bated storms and seas, while the future flows calmly through spaces that articulate with sunsets and twilights of faith and certainty. To-day, at seventy, I feel as young and resilient as at forty. No lapse or lesion has appeared in my frame. In my study, at the daily routine of my desk, when at home, in travels, in ministries and administrations; I feel no letting down or abatement in strength or enthusiasm for work and participation in life.

My memory and sympathies cover the period of the nation's history from the beginning of that melancholy strife, the War between the States, to the national climax of this day, which is my seventieth anniversary. For sixty years of that time my interest in life and my nation's history has been an open vision. Fifty and two years this day have been spent in the Christian ministry.



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One hundred and fifty-six times I have crossed the American continent as a gospel preacher. In collateral devotion, I have sailed the seven seas and tracked the two hemispheres. Never once have I suffered an accident of any nature. Only once have I been seriously ill. I love this beautiful world; I love God in Christ Jesus; I love all men, and I have a perfect hope for the eternal future. If this is old age, it is a happy state.

But a lustrum of years remain to me, until, in full council, I meet my brethren, and they say: "It is enough; sit down, and await in peace the coming of the Master." My fortunes revert to those of St. John at Ephesus, who thus awaited the Master. It is well, "Our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

And now I have said that which was allowed me to say of shadows and illuminations; of the springs of thought and action under the augury of stars that never yet have been dimmed. I have continued in this to the end; and yet the supreme romance of my life remains unrecorded. Like the wine of the miracle, it comes at the last.

Hitherto, I have written nothing concerning my marital and domestic life, a centrality upon which has shone the holiest, tenderest light of all; a dominance of enduring charm. But far too sacred are these relations to be prated about, or made matter of discussion at the point of even my own pen. The wife of my youth, beautiful, frail of

body, but of immaculate womanhood, died in all but girlish years, leaving a daughter who is one of the gifted and capable women of her day, the wife of a distinguished clergyman. The wife of my maturer years and age, a glorious woman of lineage, and beautiful of soul and face, is the mother of the five younger of my surviving children, four sons and one daughter, in each of whom I feel paternal pride, because of gifts of life and uprightness of soul. They, with their elder sister, will keep my traditions in the earth.

The grey hairs of my head are mocked by the dew of youth distilled upon them; and the light which deepens about my feet is not the light that comes at evening time; but that of the morning and the noontide. However, the evening comes, and the night; the holy night of the Nativity. I read and meditate; and, in the Bethlehem glow, I see the swaddled Babe, lying in the whiteness of lilies where, only a few moons ago, I stood, looking into the grot where Madonna hands first laid him.

It is a fact! Our Gospel is a gospel of facts. He was born in Bethlehem, the Babe. He became the Child, the Lad, the Man. The Virgin Birth, the Galilean Miracles, the Passion, the Cross, the Risen Body, the Ascended Messiah—all are facts, glorious facts!

To the breath of fragrant cedar and burning Yuletide tapers, I sleep, I dream. In dreams, I

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am back at blessed "Warwick"; in the old house; in mother's room. I hear the early singing stars; I am in the cooper's shop, and smell the aroma of cedar wood: it is in my nostrils now. I wander to the brook side; I haunt the hedgerows of the ancient lane; I hear the bob-whites call; I hear the bluebirds sing. I am reborn in blessed "Warwick" house!

Now comes the dear voice of the wife and mother of my home, saying: "Father, arise; the Christmas tree is bright with lights and dressed with gifts for all; and the children are here."

I glance toward the parted curtains of the window, and start for sudden joy, exclaiming: "How beautiful the day is! This is the selfsame light that shone at Bethlehem."

And now—it is seventy-plus!



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